From:	sc2@vt.edu [sc2@vt.edu]
Sent:	Friday, December 02,2005 1:53 PM
To:	Roy, Lucinda
Subject:	RE:
Attachments:	novel.doc;

Here is the beginning of my novel.

At 09:36 AM 11/29/2005, you wrote:
>Seung, I don't have any other free slots, so let's just meet up online.
>If you send me the material, I can send you back a critique.
>
>You have done well working with me, and I will be awarding you an "A"
>for the course. Congratulations.
>
>Just send me up to 50 pages of your novel anytime before December 5th.
>Then I can send you back a response. We don't need to reschedule.
>
>Take care--
>
>Professor Roy
>
>Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
>Chair, Department of English
>Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
>Phone: (540) 231-8466
>-----Original Message-----
>From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
>Sent: Tuesday, November 29, 2005 8:34 AM
>To: Roy, Lucinda
>Subject: RE:
>
>I don't think I can make it this morning. There are some things in
>the novel that I need to fix up. Can we meet sometime later?
>
>At 03:05 PM 11/28/2005, you wrote:
> >That sounds great, Seung. I'll probably need to begin reading it
> >tomorrow unless you can send it along immediately. If you can, just
>zap
> >me about 10-20 pages so that I can get a head start.
> >
> >I'm looking forward to our meeting tomorrow.
> >
> >Take care.
> >
> >Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
> >Chair, Department of English
> >Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

> >Phone: (540) 231-8466
> >-----Original Message-----
> >From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
> >Sent: Monday, November 28, 2005 1:39 PM
> >To: Roy, Lucinda
> >Subject:
> >
> >I would like to show you some of parts of my novel for tomorrow's
> >meeting.
> >
> >Seung Cho

From:	Jennifer Mooney [jenmoon@vt.edu]
Sent:	Sunday, October 23,2005 7:16 PM
To:	Roy, Lucinda
Subject:	Re: Seung Cho

Lucinda:

If you're simply going to step in as his teacher, but he's technically going to be taking the course as 4714 (which was what he was taking with Nikki, right?), then all we truly have to do is

1. keep him on Nikki's roll and
2. submit the grade to Nikki at the end of the semester so she can turn it in with all of her other grades.

That's the quickest route.

If, though, you intend to declare his workshop as an indy study, we'll have to

1. withdraw him from 4714 (at this point only Mary Ann can do this) and
2. submit indy study forms to Mary Ann.

At that point, the indy study will be added by the dean's office.

In truth, I think the easiest all-around fix is to leave him on Nikki's roll but have you submit the grade to her.

Make sense?

Jen

> Dear Jennifer:
>
> I'll be teaching Seung Cho for the rest of the semester, possibly with Fred's help.
>
> Essentially, I'll take over the teaching of the poetry workshop as Seung's new professor. What's the best way to handle this? FYI--Mary Ann Lewis has kindly offered to help us with substitutions so that we can accommodate this student. She is familiar with the issues.
>
> I look forward to hearing from you-
>
> Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

--

Jennifer Mooney
Coordinator, Undergraduate Advising
Instructor of English
Department of English
Virginia Tech
Shanks 329-A
Blacksburg, VA 24061-0112
(540) 231-6175
http://wiz.cath.vt.edu/jm/appointmentform.htm

From:	bob hicok [hicok@vt.edu]
Sent:	Friday, February 10,2006 3:55 PM
To:	Roy, Lucinda
Subject:	Concern about a student (Seung Cho)

Lucinda,

Seung Cho is a student in my 3704. He's an English major and a junior. He can't or won't talk. Not when called on in class -- this is pretty clearly tough for him -- and not even one on one. When I spoke to him about this, he literally made no sound. The most I could get him to do was nod, and this was barely perceptible. I then asked him to tell me what's up in an e-mail. He didn't do this, I e-mailed him, and his repsonse was "I don't know. I have trouble talking. I don't know." I e-mailed again and again told him that, minus any conversation, it would be almost impossible for him to pass the course. His repsonse was that he'd try to talk. Is his name familiar? What should I do in a case like this? bob

October 19, 2005
Cheryl's notes on 1:30 meeting—student Seung Cho, Lucinda Roy, Cheryl Ruggiero

[I am struck immediately by Seung Cho's physical aspect—he has a choice of seating, the chair opposite mine close to Lucinda's desk or the sofa, and he chooses the sofa, as far as possible from either of us—understandable. When I'm introduced and shake his hand, his hand is very sweaty and remains straight, does not clasp my hand.

When he sits, his arms are splayed unnaturally down at his sides, on the armrest and a pillow, open, stiff, hands not resting on the surfaces. He hardly moves at all, his face or his body, either when listening or speaking.

He wears a baseball cap pulled very low and reflective sunglasses. His voice is so very low that it's difficult to hear. Throughout, Cho's responses come more slowly than in a normal conversation, and most are monosyllables—"no, yeah, sure." I've indicated wome places where there are even more strikingly long pauses before he responds.

I missed some comments, certainly. Lucinda repeated some things several times, especially about what the independent study option could be like. Her tone was friendly and encouraging throughout.]

L: asks, referring to an earlier exchange, if he really thought she was going to "yell at" him, that she certainly wasn't going to.
Cho: *[noncommittal, gesture, not quite a shrug]*
L: says "you probably know why you've been asked to come today," asks about the piece he read in class
Cho: says it was a joke, satire
L: suggests it may be like Swift's "A Modest Proposal" ?
Cho: agrees
L; asks about Cho's taking photos of the students in the class
Cho: says it is "just a hobby," that he takes pictures of "trees, sky . . ."
L: explains that taking unauthorized photographs, without permission from the subjects, and especially publishing them on a website, is something the University is taking very seriously, and that it could be something that could get a student into trouble, and she wouldn't want that to happen to Seung, asks if Seung understands
Cho: "yeah"
L: asks whether Seung was offended by the class discussion on eating animals
Cho: "I wasn't offended. I was just making fun of it . . . thought it was funny, thought I'd make fun of it."
L: asks if he is a vegetarian
Cho: no
L: asks if he has religious beliefs about eating meat or animals
Cho: no
L: asks if he is finding the class helpful, if he'd rather be taking another class
Cho: says when things are assigned, like a poem, "I do it"
L: notes that the assignment was to be on dogs, asks if the piece was relevant to the assignment

Cho: Professor Giovanni "says we can write on anything—" the assigments are just to help get started . . .
L; proposes alternative of working independently with herself and Fred D'Aguiar
Cho: doesn't want to lose credits . . . if not "kicked out" will stay *[I noted some emotion on the words "kicked out," a small spark of anger or resentment]*

[At this point, Lucinda asks if he'd remove his sunglasses. She makes a bit of a joke of it, about not wanting to go on seeing her own reflection. Cho takes a long time to respond, but he does remove them. It is a very distressing sight, since his face seems very naked and blank without them. It's a great relief to be able to read his face, though there isn't much there. Lucinda asks if taking off the sunglasses has been terrible for him. He shakes his head.]

L: says he doesn't seem like himself, like the student she knew in the Intro to Poetry class, and she asks if anything terrible or bad has happened ot him
Cho: *[waits a long time to answer, but says]* "no"
[I lost track of Lucinda's next question]
Cho: "No—I'm just, like, real quiet and shy."
L: "So giving a presentation or something would be like torture for you?"
Cho: no
L: Or working one-on-one, say with someone like me, maybe that would be hard for you?
Cho: no
L: explains a choice to (1) stay in the class, explain to students that the piece was satire, assure the students that he will not take any more pictures of them, or (2) work independently with herself and Fred—what does he want to do?
Cho: takes a long time to answer, says "I don't know." Asks if it's OK for him to think about it.
L: says yes, certainly, asks him to email her with a decision by Friday, since there's no class tomorrow (Thursday)
Cho: indicates OK—just barely audible
L: asks how his grades in the class are going
Cho: says he hasn't really gotten any yet
L: asks what he wants to do . . . he'd said he was writing a novel . . .writing?
Cho: takes a while to answer, says "Write. It's the only thing I really . . . " *[trailed off to inaudible]*
L: mainly fiction?
Cho: "I started out writing poems" started writing fiction later
L: asks about the Jeff Herman book [on publishers and agents] she'd recommended back in the poetry class
Cho: says he did get it
L: says that if he chooses to work independently, she and Cho can work on that aspect of writing, too, publishing, agents, etc.
[Cho is a little more animated for a moment or so while Lucinda is saying this]
L: "Have you ever worked with a counselor? Would you be comfortable doing that?" says shyness can sometimes develop to become overwhelming, can get in the way . . .
Cho: no answer
L: continues a little asking again whether he would consider talking with a counselor

Cho: *[long wait, seems just a little more open, more unhappy, if possible, but then says]* "I don't know."
L: says she has the name of someone, and she'll send it to him, asks "Would you consider going?"
Cho: *[long wait, very quiet response, very neutral]* "Sure."
L: "Are you happy here, at Virginia Tech?"
Cho: *[long wait, very neutral]* "Sure"
L: "What is it that makes you happy?"
Cho: *[long wait]* "Not sure."
L: "Do you have a lot of friends?"
Cho: no response
L: "You have some friends? People close to you?"
Cho: says he has some friends from around where he lives *[I couldn't hear all of what he said, couldn't tell whether he said dorm or apartment or something else.]*
L: "Do you have brothers and sisters?"
Cho; "sister"
L: "Is she in school here?"
Cho: "no"
L: "Is she working?"
Cho: "Yes"
L: "What does she do?"
Cho: *[takes some time]* "Not sure." *[pause]* says the sister works somewhere around DC.
L: asks about famiily, where they are from
Cho: says they live in DC
L: asks if they came from someplace else before
Cho: from Seoul
L: asks when they came to this country, how old Seung was, middle school?
Cho: 12 years ago—he was in elementary school
L: shares a little about difficulties she experienced immigrating from Britain, asks if it was tough for Seung to adjust
Cho: says yeah, it was a little tough
. . . *[some comments I didn't write down]*
L: asks if he is or was very angry with other students in the class
Cho: "No—why would I be angry?" says he doesn't see anger in what he wrote
L: reads some passages from the piece, asks if he can see why other students might have seen it as angry
Cho: says he can see anger in it
L: speaks again about the counselor, says she will send the information, reaffirms that she hopes to hear from him by Friday, and that it could be very nice working together, that she felt they worked well together in the previous class, that no one will kick him out of the class, that it's up to him, some benefits of working independently . . . and maybe they've talked enough for now.
[Cho stands up and is collecting his things.]
L: also stands to walk to the door, asks in a friendly way, "You don't feel as if you've been yelled at here today, I hope?"
Cho: indicates no

L: says good-bye, hoping to hear from him by Friday

[Cho leaves. Lucinda decides to follow him and give him her book Hotel Alleluia as a gift. When she comes back, she says that when she spoke with him in the hall, he seemed near tears and his hand, when they shook hands, was trembling, and that his hand remained straight, did not grasp hers.]

From: Beisecker, Kim
Sent: Tuesday, September 12,2006 3:30 PM
To: 'Mary Ann Lewis'
Subject: RE: Re: question about a student

Thank you for the info. I will see if he will respond to me. It sounds to me like this is more than an English as a Second Language problem.
Kim

-----Original Message-----
From: Mary Ann Lewis [mailto:malewis@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, September 12, 2006 2:09 PM
To: Beisecker, Kim
Subject: Fwd: Re: question about a student

Kim, Please see Lisa's note to me regarding Seung.
MA

>Date: Tue, 12 Sep 2006 12:06:44 -0400
>From: Lisa Norris
>Subject: Re: question about a student
>To: Mary Ann Lewis
>
>
>Mary Ann,
>
>I appreciate your intervention on Seung's behalf. He came in to my office
>in response to my request the other day, and in 30 minutes he was only able
>to speak two words. From head shakes and nods, I was able to ascertain that
>his first language is Korean. He came to the US when he was 8, and his
>parents do not speak English. He has always had trouble speaking in either
>language. I have given him assignments to substitute for oral
>participation. Also, I offered him information for counseling services and
>the office for students w/disabilities, but my sense is that he has so much
>trouble speaking that he might not be able to communicate the problem. I
>did offer to go with him and speak for him, but he did not respond.
>
>Kim may want some of this information if she plans to contact him.
>
>Best,
>Lisa
>
>On 9/12/06 8:31 AM, "Mary Ann Lewis" wrote:
>
> > Kim,
> > Thanks for the information. Many faculty members have attempted to
> > deal directly with his situation. Perhaps the English Conversation

> > group would help him. Will you all contact him? I will share this
> > information with Lisa Norris who currently has him in class and who
> > is the faculty member with the concerns this semester in her very
> > "class discussion intensive" class.
> > Mary Ann
> >
> > At 05:32 PM 9/11/2006, you wrote:
> >> I have not been very successful in finding out much about this student.
> >> He is a permanent Resident with a legal address in Centreville, VA. He
> >> did not transfer any credits into VT that might give us a better idea of
> >> his experiences.
> >> My guess is that this is a combination of English as a SL and cultural
> >> issues. Culturally the issue may be simply feeling comfortable speaking
> >> in class. That said, if Lucinda was not able to make him comfortable,
> >> this may be close to impossible.
> >> Has an academic advisor spoken with him, very specifically, about the
> >> concerns. From his transcript it looks like he does well in some
> >> classes and poorly in others.
> >> I would be very happy to ask him to come see me and talk to him. Maybe
> >> our English Conversation groups would help him gain comfort in speaking
> >> in front of the group.
> >> Kim
> >>
> >> -----Original Message-----
> >> From: Mary Ann Lewis [mailto:malewis@vt.edu]
> >> Sent: Wednesday, September 06, 2006 12:20 PM
> >> To: Beisecker, Kim
> >> Subject: question about a student
> >>
> >> Kim,
> >> One of our English professors called me about a student in
> >> her class who will not communicate verbally. Apparently this has
> >> been a pattern of behavior with this student in several English
> >> classes. Even Lucinda Roy experienced this with him. The student
> >> is an English major. This particular class is one in which
> >> classroom dialogue is very critical to the teaching/learning process
> >> and the grade. I cannot tell from his file if (1) English is his
> >> second language and/or (2) there may be a cultural issue at play
> >> here. His name and student # follow. I'm at a bit of a loss as to
> >> advice to give the professor. I have learned that the student has
> >> not self-identified to the Office of Services for Students with
> >> Disabilities. Any advice?
> >> Mary Ann Lewis
> >>
> >> Seung-Hui Cho, Redacted
> >>
> >> Mary Ann Lewis, Associate Dean, College of Liberal Arts and Human
> >> Sciences, Va Tech, 540 231 6770
> >
> > Mary Ann Lewis, Associate Dean, College of Liberal Arts and Human
> > Sciences, Va Tech, 540 231 6770
> >
> >
>
>Lisa Norris

>Instructor
>Dept. of English
>Virginia Tech
>Blacksburg, VA 24061-0112
>540.231.6568
>lisa.norris@vt.edu

Mary Ann Lewis, Associate Dean, College of Liberal Arts and Human Sciences, Va Tech, 540 231 6770

From:	Roy, Lucinda
Sent:	Monday, March 29,2004 1:44 PM
To:	'sc2@vt.edu'
Cc:	'jeff dean'
Subject:	RE: grade

Dear Seung,

Thank you for explaining your concerns in your latest note to me.ï¿½ Usually, an F is 55-59, as long as the work was handed in. So those who receive an F on graded work are given 55-59 points. This helps them considerably with their average grade.ï¿½ However, if a student didnï¿½t hand work in at all, their grade would be a zero-F.ï¿½ I hope thatï¿½s helpful.ï¿½ Iï¿½m sorry for the confusion.

Take care.

Professor Roy

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Shanks Hall, Virginia Tech

Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

-----Original Message-----
From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
Sent: Wednesday, March 24, 2004 3:06 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Re: grade

What I meant was how many points I got on those two assignments. I know F is under 59% but I don't know if I got 0 or 59 because there was no number on them, it just said F. There's a huge difference between 0 and 59 and I wanted to know where I stand now.

> ----- Original Message -----
>
> **From:** Roy, Lucinda

To: sc2@vt.edu

Cc: jeff dean

Sent: Tuesday, March 23, 2004 8:16 PM

Subject: RE: grade

Seung,

The percentage is listed on the syllabus. I hope thatï¿½s helpful. If not, just let me know. (If youï¿½ve lost your syllabus, you can find it on Blackboard under COURSE INFORMATION.)

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Shanks Hall, Virginia Tech

Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

-----Original Message-----
From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
Sent: Wednesday, March 17, 2004 1:04 PM
To: lucinda.roy@vt.edu
Subject: grade

I received F on the midterm and the initial commentary but it doesn't say the exact percentage. I wanted to know the percentage I got.

Seung Cho

From: Lisa Norris [lisa.norris@vt.edu]
Sent: Wednesday, April 18,2007 5:57 PM
To: Carolyn.Rude@vt.edu
Subject: FW: question about a student

Carolyn,
Here is one of the emails I told you about...more to come.

Lisa Norris
Instructor
Dept. of English
Virginia Tech
Blacksburg, VA 24061-0112
540.231.6568
lisa.norris@vt.edu

------ Forwarded Message
From: Mary Ann Lewis
Date: Tue, 12 Sep 2006 08:31:08 -0400
To: "Beisecker, Kim"
Cc: lnorris@vt.edu
Subject: RE: question about a student

Kim,
Thanks for the information. Many faculty members have attempted to deal directly with his situation. Perhaps the English Conversation group would help him. Will you all contact him? I will share this information with Lisa Norris who currently has him in class and who is the faculty member with the concerns this semester in her very "class discussion intensive" class.
Mary Ann

At 05:32 PM 9/11/2006, you wrote:
>I have not been very successful in finding out much about this student.
>He is a permanent Resident with a legal address in Centreville, VA. He
>did not transfer any credits into VT that might give us a better idea of
>his experiences.
>My guess is that this is a combination of English as a SL and cultural
>issues. Culturally the issue may be simply feeling comfortable speaking
>in class. That said, if Lucinda was not able to make him comfortable,
>this may be close to impossible.
>Has an academic advisor spoken with him, very specifically, about the
>concerns. From his transcript it looks like he does well in some
>classes and poorly in others.
>I would be very happy to ask him to come see me and talk to him. Maybe

>our English Conversation groups would help him gain comfort in speaking
>in front of the group.
>Kim
>
>-----Original Message-----
>From: Mary Ann Lewis [mailto:malewis@vt.edu]
>Sent: Wednesday, September 06, 2006 12:20 PM
>To: Beisecker, Kim
>Subject: question about a student
>
>Kim,
> One of our English professors called me about a student in
>her class who wlll not communicate verbally. Apparently this has
>been a pattern of behavior with this student in several English
>classes. Even Lucinda Roy experienced this with him. The student
>is an English major. This particular class is one in which
>classroom dialogue is very critical to the teaching/learning process
>and the grade. I cannot tell from his file if (1) English is his
>second language and/or (2) there may be a cultural issue at play
>here. His name and student # follow. I'm at a bit of a loss as to
>advice to give the professor. I have learned that the student has
>not self-identified to the Office of Services for Students with
>Disabilities. Any advice?
>Mary Ann Lewis
>
>Seung-Hui Cho, 904 32 0691
>
>Mary Ann Lewis, Associate Dean, College of Liberal Arts and Human
>Sciences, Va Tech, 540 231 6770

Mary Ann Lewis, Associate Dean, College of Liberal Arts and Human
Sciences, Va Tech, 540 231 6770

------ End of Forwarded Message

From: Hikes, Zenobia
Sent: Wednesday, October 19,2005 2:34 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: RE: Please See Me

Lucinda-
Will you be having this conversation alone? Are you comfortable in doing so.?—ZH

Dr. Zenobia L. Hikes
Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University
Vice President for Student Affairs
112 Burruss Hall (0250)
Blacksburg, VA 24061
(540) 231-6272
(540) 231-3189 - fax

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19, 2005 12:13 PM
To: Hikes, Zenobia; Brown, Tom
Subject: FW: Please See Me

FYI

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English
Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19, 2005 12:13 PM
To: 'sc2@vt.edu'
Subject: RE: Please See Me

I will see you today (Wednesday) in my office at 1:30. Please note that it would not be appropriate for me to yell at students, nor would I ever desire to do so. As you may know, there are protocols which are appropriate in these situations and protocols which are inappropriate. It's important that all parties in any dispute attempt to show respect to one another. I remember that we had some productive interchanges when you were in my class, and I hope that this will be the case when we meet.

Professor Roy

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English
Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, October 18, 2005 11:39 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Re: Please See Me

it's obvious that i'm in a lot of trouble...yes, i'll come wed and get yelled at or whatever you want to do to me...

> ----- Original Message -----
> **From:** Roy, Lucinda
> **To:** sc2@vt.edu
> **Cc:** Shepherd, Tamera ; Ruggiero, Cheryl
> **Sent:** Tuesday, October 18, 2005 5:51 PM
> **Subject:** Please See Me
>
> Dear Seung-Hui Cho:
>
> As you know, you were a student in my large Introduction to Poetry course. During that time, we interchanged a number of notes, including one in which you said you were working on a novel, and another in which you queried a grade. I'd like to meet with you.
>
> Please come to my office (Shanks 303) either tomorrow—Wednesday at 1:30 PM or the next day—Thursday at 9:30 AM. You will not be having class at that time, I believe, so you should be available to see me. Please respond to this e-mail note confirming that you plan to stop by.
>
> Thank you.
>
> Professor Roy
>
> Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
> Chair, Department of English
> Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
> Phone: (540) 231-8466

From:	Aileen Murphy [aileen@vt.edu]
Sent:	Wednesday, September 06,2006 10:31 AM
To:	Fred D'Aguiar
Cc:	lnorris@vt.edu; carolynr@vt.edu; nancy.metz@vt.edu; efalco@vt.edu
Subject:	Re: Fwd: Problem student - cw agenda item

Lisa and All: I heard something about this student last week from Bob and Ed--I think he is also currently in Ed Falco's class. I wondered at the time if the dean's office could help--It may be that he has a disorder that he is keeping private.

Most students let us know when something is going on, but I guess there are those who do not have the means. The dean's office of Seung Cho's college (I guess that would be ours) should have any information, if it exists, and could make a phone call (maybe?) if no information is currently available.

I wondered about autism, but not having met him, and not having heard of other more autistic issues involved, I have no idea.

Aileen

Fred D'Aguiar

Professor of English & Co-Director of M.F.A. in Creative Writing

Virginia Tech

Dept of English (0112)

Blacksburg, VA 24061

Office Phone: 540 231 7759

E-mail: fredd@vt.edu

Begin forwarded message:

From: Lisa Norris <lisa.norris@vt.edu>

Date: September 6, 2006 8:50:04 AM EDT

To: Fred D'Aguiar <fredd@vt.edu>, Nancy Metz <nancy.metz@vt.edu>

Cc: Carolyn.Rude@vt.edu

Subject: Problem student

Fred & Nancy (and with a cc to Carolyn just to be sure I'm addressing all the right people),

I'm writing for help in dealing with Seung Cho, a student in my Advanced Fiction writing workshop. I know Fred has had him in an independent study, or so I've been told, and I have heard secondhand about Seung's history with Nikki. He was in my Contemporary Fiction class last semester, and didn't say a word, but it was a large class, he tested well, and he did fair work. I did ask him to come in and talk to me, but he never did. However, the other students weren't bothered by him, simply because the class was fairly large and he was effectively invisible.

This semester, however, he is in a class of 14 students, and the majority are quiet, shy people, and it is a workshop. He is extremely visible, and if you, Fred, have dealt with him, you know that he is not simply shy and quiet--there is something else going on.

At any rate, he is scheduled to come to my office at 2 pm today. Whether he will or not, I don't know. Bob Hicok, who also had him in class, asked him to come in as well, and he never did.

I really need assistance in figuring out how to keep this student from

disturbing this teeny, sensitive class, in which it is normal for me to directly ask each student to say something during every period. (When I ask Seung, he cannot even say "Pass," which I have offered as one alternative...he cannot even make eye contact.) The majority of the grade is determined by the writing, not by oral class participation, and yet oral class participation makes or breaks the class. I am not sure what is fair in dealing with him.

Help!

If either of you can suggest anything, please call me at home this morning--552-3674. Otherwise, I will be in my office by 1 pm today. I would greatly appreciate your wisdom before 2 pm, should Seung show up. If he does come, chances are the only communication I will get from him is a barely perceptible nod, so I will need to be prepared to do most of the talking. If either of you would like to be present at this interview, should it occur, you are certainly invited.

Finally, what is also disturbing is that Seung apparently is a senior, taking upper division classes, but in at least three classes that I know of, if he has spoken at all, it has not been more than one sentence. I think we need to address this--that we can offer graduation to an English major who does not speak more than a sentence of English during his in-major classes.

Thanks for whatever you can offer--

Best,

Lisa

Lisa Norris

Dept. of English

Virginia Tech

Blacksburg, VA 24061-0112

Lisa.norris@vt.edu

540-231-6568

--
Aileen Murphy
Assistant Director of Creative Writing
Department of English
Virginia Tech

From:	Nancy Metz [nancy.metz@vt.edu]
Sent:	Wednesday, September 06,2006 9:29 AM
To:	Lisa Norris
Cc:	Fred D'Aguiar; Carolyn.Rude@vt.edu
Subject:	Re: Problem student

Dear all:
It's hard for me to address this one--being outside Creative Writing and not knowing the "history" that you refer to. Here are some disconnected thoughts that may or may not be useful to you. Let me know if you want me specifically to be there at 2:00. I'm guessing that having too many people there might make the situation worse.

First, I think we have to recognize that we cannot force anyone to talk. If the student adamantly "prefers not to," we are powerless. "Bartleby the Scrivener" pretty much says it all.

I think exploring the reasons for his silence is a good idea--assuming he shows up. If his skill-level in spoken English is the problem, you could consult with Diana about ways to bring him forward or adapt the expectations. If the problem is psychological, you could call Cook counseling and ask for advice.

It is certainly your right to penalize students in a workshop class for failing to participate in the workshop, so long as this is expressed in your syllabus as a weighted requirement for the course and so long as you apply the standard consistently.

If your primary concern is that the student's silence will sink "this small sensitive class," you could offer the student the option of either coming and participating, or conducting the class as a tutorial. More work for you, though, probably.

The other consideration might be programmatic. If Introduction to Creative Writing is your gateway course for the option, do you want to consider making full workshop participation in that course a condition for acceptance into the Creative Writing option? Or, more simply, a condition for passing the course? I don't know whether this is a good idea, I'm just suggesting that Creative Writers might want to address the issue collectively.

Sorry I don't have any easy answers!

best,

Nancy

On Sep 6, 2006, at 8:50 AM, Lisa Norris wrote:

> Fred & Nancy (and with a cc to Carolyn just to be sure I'm
> addressing all
> the right people),
>
> I'm writing for help in dealing with Seung Cho, a student in my
> Advanced
> Fiction writing workshop. I know Fred has had him in an
> independent study,
> or so I've been told, and I have heard secondhand about Seung's
> history with
> Nikki. He was in my Contemporary Fiction class last semester, and
> didn't
> say a word, but it was a large class, he tested well, and he did
> fair work.
> I did ask him to come in and talk to me, but he never did.
> However, the
> other students weren't bothered by him, simply because the class
> was fairly
> large and he was effectively invisible.
>
> This semester, however, he is in a class of 14 students, and the
> majority
> are quiet, shy people, and it is a workshop. He is extremely
> visible, and
> if you, Fred, have dealt with him, you know that he is not simply
> shy and
> quiet--there is something else going on.
>
> At any rate, he is scheduled to come to my office at 2 pm today.
> Whether he
> will or not, I don't know. Bob Hicok, who also had him in class,
> asked him
> to come in as well, and he never did.
>
> I really need assistance in figuring out how to keep this student from
> disturbing this teeny, sensitive class, in which it is normal for
> me to
> directly ask each student to say something during every period.
> (When I ask
> Seung, he cannot even say "Pass," which I have offered as one
> alternative...he cannot even make eye contact.) The majority of
> the grade
> is determined by the writing, not by oral class participation, and
> yet oral
> class participation makes or breaks the class. I am not sure what
> is fair
> in dealing with him.
>
> Help!
>
> If either of you can suggest anything, please call me at home this
> morning--552-3674. Otherwise, I will be in my office by 1 pm
> today. I
> would greatly appreciate your wisdom before 2 pm, should Seung show

> up. If
> he does come, chances are the only communication I will get from
> him is a
> barely perceptible nod, so I will need to be prepared to do most of
> the
> talking. If either of you would like to be present at this interview,
> should it occur, you are certainly invited.
>
> Finally, what is also disturbing is that Seung apparently is a senior,
> taking upper division classes, but in at least three classes that I
> know of,
> if he has spoken at all, it has not been more than one sentence. I
> think we
> need to address this--that we can offer graduation to an English
> major who
> does not speak more than a sentence of English during his in-major
> classes.
>
> Thanks for whatever you can offer--
>
> Best,
> Lisa
>
>
> Lisa Norris
> Dept. of English
> Virginia Tech
> Blacksburg, VA 24061-0112
> Lisa.norris@vt.edu
> 540-231-6568
>
>
>

From:	Miller, Robert [rcmiller@vt.edu]
Sent:	Wednesday, December 14,2005 4:23 PM
To:	smithcg@vt.edu; aepperso@vt.edu; chgibbons@vt.edu; grooker@naxs.net; Arbuckle, Vicki; Teresa Quesinberry; ccurran@vt.edu; econway@vt.edu; ti3tl7dg@vt.edu; Sandy Ward; Sherry Lynch; Cathye Betzel; Charlotte Amenkhienan; Gary Bennett; Michael Gore; Reliford Sanders; Rita Klein; Zukor, Tevya; Bitsko, Matt
Subject:	FW: On Call Report

Fyi in the event this student is seen here

-----Original Message-----
From: Kowalski, Gerard
Sent: Wednesday, December 14, 2005 10:46 AM
Subject: FW: On Call Report

FYI

GJK

Gerard J. Kowalski, Ph.D.

Director of Residence Life

Asst. Professor of Higher Ed. & Student Affairs

109 East Eggleston Hall

Blacksburg, VA 24061-0428

Phone: 540.231.6205

Email: kowalski@vt.edu

Fax: 540.231.5041

From: Smith, Patricia
Sent: Wednesday, December 14, 2005 8:05 AM

To: Chapman, Sarah; Whitley, Carley; Holmes, Margaret; Hart, Janice; Petros, Melanie; Avent, Yolanda; Chadwick, Colin; Kirby, Gail; Kowalski, Gerard; Kuresman, Kia; MacDonald, Chris; Malloy, Alison; Marin, Eileen; 'Matt Grimes'; Miller, Amy; Penven, James; Settle, Rohsaan; Wallington, Evelyn; Wylie, Jonathan; Yancey, Laurica
Subject: On Call Report

On Call Report

Tuesday, December 13, 2005

Residence Life Administrator on Call: Tricia Schwery Smith

Hall Supervisor on Call: Jason Shank

Counseling Referral, VTPD, ACCESS, Cochrane

Counseling Referral, VTPD, ACCESS, Cochrane

Resident Involved: Seung Cho (904320691) Cochrane 3032, 232-6213

Staff Involved: Lisa Virga, Cochrane/Harper Graduate Hall Director

Melissa Trotman, Cochrane 3125, 232-4252

8:30 PM – GHD Virga came to my apartment to inform me about Cho who had a history of erratic behavior and counseling-based issues over the course of the semester. AD Settle, GHD Virga and RA Trotman all had extensive familiarity with Cho. Cho's suitemate called VTPD because Cho expressed suicidal ideations and had previously had "blades" in the room. Cho went to the Police Station on his own will to talk to an ACCESS counselor. Trotman and Virga were talking with roommate and suitemates. I called VTPD at 9:47 for an update. At this time, Cho was still in with the counselor. At 10:22PM, Lt Allen called me with an update. The magistrate issued a temporary detention order so Cho was to spend the night at the New River Valley Medical Center for further examination/counseling. Cho expressed that he still had one exam pending today as well. I communicated with both Virga and Trotman after this update.

END OF REPORT

Tricia Schwery Smith

President's & Upper Quad Area Coordinator

Virginia Tech

talktotricia@vt.edu

540-231-3419

From: Smith, Patricia
Sent: Tuesday, December 13, 2005 8:46 AM
To: Smith, Patricia; Chapman, Sarah; Whitley, Carley; Holmes, Margaret; Hart, Janice; Petros, Melanie; Avent, Yolanda; Chadwick, Colin; Kirby, Gail; Kowalski, Gerard; Kuresman, Kia; MacDonald, Chris; Malloy, Alison; Marin, Eileen; 'Matt Grimes'; Miller, Amy; Penven, James; Settle, Rohsaan; Wallington, Evelyn; Wylie, Jonathan; Yancey, Laurica
Subject: On Call Report

On Call Report

Monday, December 12, 2005

Residence Life Administrator on Call: Tricia Schwery Smith

Hall Supervisor on Call: Cyrus Mostaghim

No Report

END OF REPORT

Tricia Schwery Smith

President's & Upper Quad Area Coordinator

Virginia Tech

talktotricia@vt.edu

540-231-3419

From:	Roy, Lucinda
Sent:	Friday, December 02,2005 2:37 PM
To:	'sc2@vt.edu'
Subject:	RE:

Thanks so much, Seung. I'll get back to you with some comments as soon as I have a moment.

Professor Roy

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English
Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
Phone: (540) 231-8466

-----Original Message-----
From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
Sent: Friday, December 02, 2005 1:54 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: RE:

Here is the beginning of my novel.

At 09:36 AM 11/29/2005, you wrote:
>Seung, I don't have any other free slots, so let's just meet up online.
>If you send me the material, I can send you back a critique.
>
>You have done well working with me, and I will be awarding you an "A"
>for the course. Congratulations.
>
>Just send me up to 50 pages of your novel anytime before December 5th.
>Then I can send you back a response. We don't need to reschedule.
>
>Take care--
>
>Professor Roy
>
>Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
>Chair, Department of English
>Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
>Phone: (540) 231-8466
>-----Original Message-----
>From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
>Sent: Tuesday, November 29, 2005 8:34 AM
>To: Roy, Lucinda
>Subject: RE:
>
>I don't think I can make it this morning. There are some things in
>the novel that I need to fix up. Can we meet sometime later?

>
>At 03:05 PM 11/28/2005, you wrote:
> >That sounds great, Seung. I'll probably need to begin reading it
> >tomorrow unless you can send it along immediately. If you can, just
>zap
> >me about 10-20 pages so that I can get a head start.
> >
> >I'm looking forward to our meeting tomorrow.
> >
> >Take care.
> >
> >Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
> >Chair, Department of English
> >Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
> >Phone: (540) 231-8466
> >-----Original Message-----
> >From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
> >Sent: Monday, November 28, 2005 1:39 PM
> >To: Roy, Lucinda
> >Subject:
> >
> >I would like to show you some of parts of my novel for tomorrow's
> >meeting.
> >
> >Seung Cho

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Tuesday, November 15,2005 2:53 PM
To: D'Aguiar, Frederick
Subject: RE: Seung Cho appointment.

That's great, Fred! What a perfect assignment!

Thanks so much for all you did to make last night memorable. So sorry I had to rush off at the end. The video clips were amazing, and I thought that the audience was really engaged with the writing process and with the journey you'd made in the play. I was so glad that Tom could be there. He asked some great questions. I thought our MFA students did really well too.

Take care--
Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English
Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
Phone: (540) 231-8466

-----Original Message-----
From: Fred [mailto:fredd@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, November 15, 2005 2:10 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Seung Cho appointment.

Hi Lucinda:
Met with him between 1pm to 2pm.
We discussed 3 of his poems - all about despotic authority
and getting even with it. I asked him to write 3 counter
forgiveness/reconciliation
narratives for our next meeting.
Best,
Fred

From:	Roy, Lucinda
Sent:	Sunday, October 23,2005 5:10 PM
To:	Shepherd, Tamera
Cc:	fredd@vt.edu
Subject:	Meetings with Seung

Tammy,

I need to meet with the student Seung-Hui Cho three times this semester. I'll be teaching him now that he is no longer taking Nikki's class. Could you set these meetings up with Seung? Let's try to have one during the week of October 31st, another before Thanksgiving. The last can be at the beginning of December. Let him know I'd like to see about 5 or 10 pages of his work before we meet next time. He should also bring along any textbooks he has been working with in Nikki's course. Each session will be about 40 minutes, but please block off a whole hour, plus an hour beforehand for prep.

If Fred is able to do so, he will meet with Seung a couple of times also. It may be good for Seung to have a one-on-one session with someone else apart from me, especially as I taught him in my large lecture class. Please could you check with Fred to see if he's willing to do this? If he is, could you set up those two meetings for the two of them also? Then Seung would meet 3 times with me and 2 times with Fred. If Fred is not available, it's not a problem. I think I've got it covered.

I'll copy this note to Fred so that he knows he has help setting up the two meetings if he needs it.

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19,2005 3:25 PM
To: Giovanni, Nikki
Cc: Virginia Fowler
Subject: CONFIDENTIAL Student

CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Nikki:

This is what I've just written to Seung following our meeting. (Please see the note below.) Cheryl and I both think he is deeply depressed—so much so, in fact, that we are very worried about him.

I'm hoping he'll opt to work with me and Fred. If not, we'll work on the note to the class, and either Cheryl or I will be there next week. We can also request security if you would like us to do so. I've already spoken with Detective George Jackson about this. He will be stationed just outside your door on Tuesday at 9:30 (Shultz 109) if you'd like him to be there. Hopefully, however, Seung will decide to drop the class and take the Independent Study. When I hear back from Seung on Friday, I'll let Detective Jackson know whether or not he needs to be at Shultz. I hope this sounds okay.

So sorry this has been difficult, Nikki. I'm really glad you alerted us to this.

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19, 2005 2:55 PM
To: 'sc2@vt.edu'
Cc: Ruggiero, Cheryl
Subject: Our Meeting
Importance: High

Dear Seung:

Thank you for taking the time to meet with me today. Your characterization of the piece you wrote as a satire was helpful in my understanding of the work, and I am glad that you have agreed not to take any more unauthorized photos of classmates or professors. I'm glad that you can understand why the professor and your classmates were surprised by the tone of the work. It did seem as though the anger in the piece was directed at them. I understand what you're saying about the use of a persona, but both Cheryl Ruggiero and I think that a note to them would be really helpful in easing their discomfort about the piece.

Please let me know by Friday if you would like to take me up on the offer I made to work with you. I'd be happy to do so, and I think we could devote time to both poetry and fiction. I may be able to help you with your novel. The independent study with me and Professor Fred D'Aguiar would substitute for the course you are currently taking with Professor Giovanni, so you'd still have the same number of credits, and we'd make sure it counted towards your Creative Writing option.

I hope you enjoy reading the novel of mine that I gave you. Please don't feel obliged to read it if you're too busy. There's no hurry.

If you would like to return to Professor Giovanni's class, let's work on a note together that would explain the piece you read aloud to them, and would respond to their concerns about the unauthorized photos.

Most importantly, please consider seeing a counselor at the Counseling Center on campus. The one I'd recommend is Dr. Cathye Betzel. You can let her know that Professor Roy suggested you contact her. It really does seem to me that you are struggling with some issues, and I am genuinely concerned about you. It's always good to seek assistance when you're facing really tough situations, and counselors can be wonderfully helpful. Almost all of us have benefited from speaking with them at some time or other.

I look forward to hearing from you, Seung—

Professor Roy

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19,2005 12:12 PM
To: Hikes, Zenobia; Brown, Tom
Subject: FW: Please See Me

FYI

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19, 2005 12:13 PM
To: 'sc2@vt.edu'
Subject: RE: Please See Me

I will see you today (Wednesday) in my office at 1:30. Please note that it would not be appropriate for me to yell at students, nor would I ever desire to do so. As you may know, there are protocols which are appropriate in these situations and protocols which are inappropriate. It's important that all parties in any dispute attempt to show respect to one another. I remember that we had some productive interchanges when you were in my class, and I hope that this will be the case when we meet.

Professor Roy

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, October 18, 2005 11:39 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Re: Please See Me

it's obvious that i'm in a lot of trouble...yes, i'll come wed and get yelled at or whatever you want to do to me...

> ----- Original Message -----
>
> **From:** Roy, Lucinda
>
> **To:** sc2@vt.edu
>
> **Cc:** Shepherd, Tamera ; Ruggiero, Cheryl
>
> **Sent:** Tuesday, October 18, 2005 5:51 PM
>
> **Subject:** Please See Me
>
> Dear Seung-Hui Cho:
>
> As you know, you were a student in my large Introduction to Poetry course. During that time, we interchanged a number of notes, including one in which you said you were working on a novel, and another in which you queried a grade. I'd like to meet with you.
>
> Please come to my office (Shanks 303) either tomorrow—Wednesday at 1:30 PM or the next day—Thursday at 9:30 AM. You will not be having class at that time, I believe, so you should be available to see me. Please respond to this e-mail note confirming that you plan to stop by.
>
> Thank you.
>
> Professor Roy
>
> Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
>
> Chair, Department of English
>
> Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
>
> Phone: (540) 231-8466

Seung Cho
Oct. 10, 2005

So-Called Advanced Creative Writing—Poetry

"Not too long ago I had an epiphany about this class—What barbarians you people are! Now, tell me if I'm wrong but I thought this was a poetry class, yet everybody—everybody but me that is—spent the whole hour and a half talking about eating.

It started to with somebody talking about eating baked beans everyday overseas in some country. Then before I knew it, the conversation turned into a type of a conversation that of animal massacre butchershop. Some body began talking about chopping off turtles' heads, dipping them into eel sauce and eating them; cooking lions' balls deep fried and thin sliced, and eating them with ketchup; and chewing on a nice, fat, birds head with a nice bottle of wine. Then that somebody said she doesn't do that anymore because the animals that she ate are now her friends, yet she who the one who deliciously, joyfully gobbled them up like one jolly clown. That's like a robber stealing twenty millions dollars from a bank and years later haughtily apologizing for stealing the money without returning any of it. *Yea, as long as he's sorry! As if!*

I don't know who said that but that somebody is in this room. That somebody sits in this vicinity, right there to be exact! if I'm not mistaken. I don't know which uncouth, low-life planet you come from but you disgust me. In fact, you all disgust me! Because as

far as I can remember somebody jumped in and said, "have you eaten a snake. They taste so good. I love snakes!" Who said that? What's wrong with you! You wanna get leaparsy or something! As if that wasn't bad enough she went on, "Ostrage are good too. My uncle owns an ostrage farm and every summer we murder a few of them and we barbeque them on the grill rare…Posoms are pretty good too. You should kill them and eat them because they go through your trash and make a mess. You should just kill them and eat them." Then another person jumped in and said, "if you own a horse you should keep him locked up in a cage so his muscles don't develop. It's much easier to chew him that way." Before I could shake my head and catch a breath to all this genocidic talk of innocent animals, certain individuals ran out the class not to throw up on the bathroom floor but to get something to eat! "Hey you guys, you're making me hungry!" Who said that! You know exactly who you are! Yes, I'm talking to you, you, you, you… all of you! You low-life barbarians make me sick to the stomach that I wanna barf all over my my new shoes.

If you despicable human beings who are all disgraces to human race keep this up, before you know it you'll turn into cannibals—eating little babies, your friends, siblings, your parents, grandparents. And your classmates! That's it. I'm getting the hell out before I blink and get eaten alive by you barbarious, uncivilized monsters!

I hope y'all burn in hell for mass murdering and eating all those little, harmless animals!

From:	Roy, Lucinda
Sent:	Tuesday, October 18,2005 5:45 PM
To:	'Jerry Niles'; Lewis, Mary
Subject:	Student Disruption

Dear Jerry and Mary Ann:

I wanted to give you a heads-up about a student who submitted a "poem" in Nikki Giovanni's poetry class and then read it out loud today. Nikki found the work in her mailbox but hadn't realized he would read it out loud.

In the poem he castigates all of the class, accusing them of genocide and cannibalism because they joked about eating snake and other animals. He says he is disgusted with them, and tells them they will all "burn in hell." He read the poem with dark glasses on. Later, students informed Nikki that he's been taking photos of the class without their permission; I've learned he's been doing this in at least one other class he's been taking.

His name is Seung-Hui Cho, and I had him in my large lecture class last year. The students in Nikki's class have asked for assistance because they are intimidated by him. Nikki has requested security. I've been in contact with Tom Brown, Zenobia Hikes, Detective George Jackson, and Bob Miller in Counseling. Cheryl and I will be meeting with the student tomorrow to try to find out what's going on. Nikki no longer feels comfortable teaching the student, and the students have also requested relief. As I understand it from Tom Brown, I can remove Seung from Nikki's class as long as I offer him a viable alternative. I will be suggesting that he take an Independent Study in lieu of the class, and that he work with either me or Fred D'Aguiar. Nikki, who is never rattled by anything, is genuinely distressed about this student's behavior.

I wanted to inform you about this in case he lodges a complaint with the College. Please let me know if there's anything else I should do.

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

The Adventure of Spanky
By Spanky I.
(Seung Cho)

a boy named LOSER

a boy named LOSER
walks off the sidewalk, shudders into his house,
and lays his weary head to sleep and dream.
In his dream, he lives two lives,
because in this world he has no life,
no class, no friends—just a Moron in this world.

During its long hours in the real world,
it's no surprise he is LOSER.
Everyone knows—*too bad*—they say, *only if he had a life.*
Under the bright, cruel sun, he hulls his feet into his house.
Thinks about the two other lives.
Keeps on dreaming. Day dream.

What to do, what to say but dream.
That's what losers do in this world,
where normal guys live their happy lives,
worry-free and be themselves, unlike LOSER.
A normal guy throws parties at his house,
but not LOSER—he has no life.

Be happy, be normal, get a life,
he says to himself; he can only in his dream:
In LOSER's little mind, he brings over a girl to this house.
Only if he could do that in this real world.
LOSER. What can I say, that's what losers do. LOSER!
Only if LOSER could live his lives.

Something LOSER can't ever do!—lives those lives
and be normal and actually have a life.
You know why he can't do it? He's LOSER.
With everything he longs for, all he can do is dream
trapped in this world, in this wronged world.
Nothing to do but drag his heavy feet back into the house.

All alone in his little house
he likes to think he's living his lives,
in his own safe little world.
No one tells him, *LOSER, get a life!*
No one gives him the hand gesture in his dream.
No one calls him LOSER:

Darn straight! This boy really is LOSER—LOSER with no life!
and he knows it. But he (what can he do) likes to live in his pathetic dream
drowning down in his little quirky house anyway—*My Gawd! What a LOSER!*

1

"Good morning, Jelly. Did you have a good night sleep?" Spanky finds himself dully mumbling at this girl, who is laying on a bed looking up at him with her big eyes. Spanky looking back into her glittering eyes isn't quite sure who this girl is or where he is at or what he is doing here as if he has been sleep-walking for ages and has just woken up and needs refreshing. *Jelly? Who is Jelly?* he thinks. *Did I just say good morning Jelly? Who is she?*

"Good morning, Spanky!" Jelly chirps in a surgary-sweet voice. "I had a great sleep. Last night I wanted to talk with you and hug you and kiss you so badly. I was feeling so lonely, so lonely that I dreamt about you.

"Really?" Spanky asks, his face starting to light up rubbing his pristine eyes, flickering like a faulty electrical line. *She dreamt about me,* he thinks in his head. And for some reason it seems to him that such a pretty girl dreaming about him doesn't make any sense. He should be the one dreaming about her, not the other way around.

"Don't you remember," she asks after studying his perplexed facial expression for a minute. "What we did yesterday—"

"I don't! I mean, uh…" He wants to ask her who she is, if he is supposed to know her, or if this is a big joke. Maybe this is a big dream…

He pinches himself. No, he is *not* dreaming. "What I meant was…what did we do yesterday?"

"We snuggled! We talked! We smooched all day long! How could you not remember, Spanky. We had so much fun!"

"*You* and *I* did that?" He searches his brain for this event, and soon, through his foggy memory, there is a vague picture in his head of a pretty girl that looks a lot like the

girl in front o him that he made out with. But it feels more like a dream than reality. Saline—I mean Jelly—are you my…my…girlfriend?" he asks.

She laughs. The corners of her lips move towards her ears showing her beautiful teeth and her beautiful smile. "Of course I am, silly. What kind of question is that!"

"Oh," he mumbles half smiling and scratching his head, not quite sure what to say or what to do. "Of course you are, ha ha ha," he forces a laughter.

She laughs and stares at him.

"I must not have had a good sleep last night or something. I had so much fun, hugging and kissing you that I couldn't sleep." Though he has a hard time believing that this fantasy-event actually happened, he convinces his brain to believe that it did. "I have a headache."

"Oh you have a headache," she says in a girly-girly voice, winking at him. "I hope you feel better. If I knew you were up all night long I would have called you and talked to you. You would have spent the night together instead of thinking of each other. I bet that's why you got a headache. You were longing to be with me."

"Uh-huh."

"Now what shall we do about your headache? Do you want some pills, the little grey ones?"

"I took some this morning." He vaguely recalls taking some pills not too long ago, but his memory is unclear like a brain cloud."

"You want me to kiss your forehead so you get better quicker?" she asks bringing her lips together and sticking them out. With her eyes closed, she makes a smack noise. "Do you want a great, big smooch, Spanky?"

"Uh…That's okay." His eyes lower to the floor. "I took some already. It just started to kick in. I'm starting to feel a little better now," he says in a quiet voice, rubbing his forehead and changing his posture to stand straight.

"That's wonderful. I'm gonna get dressed, then you can give me a Good Morning Kiss. A nice kiss to start the day." She gets out of her bed. She is wearing pink pajamas and pink tank top. "You can watch me get dressed."

This doesn't feel right to Spanky—standing in front of a girl who is about to change—and so he says, "I'll wait outside," and steps out.

Jelly pushes the blanket aside, gets out of bed, and is about to put on a pink t-shirt and jeans, but changes her mind to keep him waiting for her and decides to not changed out of her sleeping clothes. She then spends twenty minute in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. Meanwhile Spanky waits outside the door staring at the closed door wondering what she is doing inside. Jelly opens the door and walks out, almost bumping into Spanky.

"Woe! Sorry Spanky."

"Does it always take you this long for you to get dressed?" Spanky notices her elegantly-brushed hair.

"My hair. It takes ten seconds to put on my clothes, then I usually spend twenty minutes brushing my hair too. I didn't changed because I didn't want to keep you waiting, and also I only spent ten minutes on my hair, even though my beautiful hair needs special attention," Jelly exclaims as she runs her fingers through her pretty, pink, curly hair.

He stares at her hair for half a minute. *Wow, Jelly has nice hair. Her hair is so nice,* he thinks, *so pink!*

Her hair is smooth, elegant, pink, and curly. Her flowing hair is so graceful and playful that his hand unconsciously reaches for them. However, before he could touch them she asks:

"Okay. What do you want to do today?" Jelly asks. "Oh, Good Morning Kiss!" The girl places her hands under his jaws to kiss him but he shudders when she closes in.

"What's wrong?"

Watching the girl in front of him who is about to kiss him—watching her large eyes, her soft delicate skin, and her attractive, moist pink lips that is about to make contact with his lips—makes Spanky's heart pump and thump as if he has never kissed a girl before. But *no*, he kissed her last night. Didn't he?

He looks at the floor and makes up an excuse. "I would love to kiss you, but I can't. I forgot to brush my teeth. My breath is so bad right now. I'm sorry."

"Boo! Come on, Spanky. You forgot to brush you teeth? Uh! What a let down." She slaps him. "No girl likes a guy with bad breath! The disgusting smell and germs in your mouth! I know what we can do! You can brush you teeth with my toothbrush. Then we can have our Good Morning kiss!"

"I can't…because…uh…" he mumbles for words, trying to find a excuse. "Because my breath is so bad that I use this special toothbrush that helps me have clean breath. Regular toothbrush doesn't work for me.

"But Spanky! I really wanna kiss you right now! I want to French Kiss you!"

His eyes widen. "French Kiss? Uh, I don't want to spread my germs into your mouth or anything. Maybe later.

"Fine! You better brush your teeth before noon because I'll be waiting for Good Afternoon Kiss. I'll be waiting for you to kiss me Spanky."

“Sure Jelly. I won’t forget.”

“Promise?” she asks, stepping forward to Spanky, looking directly into his eyes.

“Sure.”

“Say, ‘I promise.’ She raises her right fist in front of him with her pinky sticking out.

“I promise,” he submits, then stares at her pinky. After studying her cute pinky, he hooks his pinky with her pinky. With their pinkies interlocked, she pulls her hand toward her direction, making him lurch forward. Then Spanky does the same and pulls his hand toward his direction lurching her toward him. Now the two are inches apart, close enough for them to kiss each other. They look at each other in the eyes. Then Jelly glances down at their intertwisted pinkies and bites them—her pinky and his pinky—mostly Spanky’s pinky, hinting what might happen if he breaks his promise.

“Ow,” he whispers out quickly pulling away his pinky out of the Pinky Lock and grabbing his hurt finger. “Why’d you do that?”

“Gawd, Spanky. I barely bit you. I bit my finger harder than yours,” she lies. “You don’t see me crying out like a baby.”

“Sorry.” He relaxes his arms, hanging naturally by his side, though he wants to rub his injured finger. Feeling embarrassed, he stares at the floor.

“So, what do you want to do today, Spanky?”

Spanky isn’t quite sure because his mind is still on his hurt pinkie. “I don’t know…What do *you* want to do?”

“NO… What do *yooouu* want to do, Spanky? Anything you want.”

“Anything?”

“Yep.”

“Well! Let me think! Anything, eh? Anything I want…I wanna go to the playground and play.”

“You wanna go where? The playground? How old are we?” She had in her mind something romantic and at this she frowns at him in contempt as if she is talking to a retarded boy.

“Silly Jelly, we’re both nineteen.”

“Well, yea! DUH!” she utters in a sarcastic voice, wagging her head, the way girls do. “You’re nineteen years old and you want to go to the playground? And you want me to go with you and play with you?”

“Yes.”

“What is wrong with you!” she chirps scornfully. I was thinking…” She pauses for a few seconds. “The mall at least” She doesn’t finish the sentence way she wants to. “There are gonna be kids there. Nineteen-year-olds playing on the playground along with little toddlers is just embarrassing!”

“I haven’t played on the playground in ages. It would be nice to play, don’t you think. Don’t you remember playing on the playground during recess when you were a kid?”

“Well…” She does think about when she was a child playing—all the laughter, all the innocence. “Maybe you’re right. Maybe we’re not all that grown up as we think,” she comments taking a few more moments to think. “You know, I haven’t been to the playground in such a long time. Last time I stepped onto the playground was in fifth grade…Oh.” She thinks for a few more moment. “Well, it would be fun to run around the mulch and go down the slides.”

“And run across the bridge and go across the monkey bar,” he adds with a grin.

“And go on the swings and climb up the jungle gym,” she excitingly continues.

Spanky gets a vision of himself on the swing with her holding her hair in his hand.

“I remember having so much fun during the short thirty minutes of recess. And when it was time to go inside, we were all whiney and moany. ‘Already! Oh man’. I miss that—I miss forgetting about everything and being lost in the moment,” she yearns.

“It really would be fun to go there and just play. You know what I want to do? I want to go on the swings holding you hands.” She leans into his ears and whispers, becoming seriously interested, “I want to hold your hands and kiss all over your face, Spanky.” Then she straightens back to her former posture. “Do you go to the playground often? Sounds like you go there often,” she states sarcastically.

“No. I haven’t been to the playground in a long time either. I pass by it everyday when I walk to class though. I just got this thought that it would be fun to go there and play.”

“I haven’t seen any playgrounds around here.”

“There’s one down the street behind Superstar Supermarket. It’s kind of hidden by a row of trees.”

“How far is it away from here?”

“It’s a ten minute walk. There really shouldn’t be anybody there this early in the morning.”

“Really. Let’s go, then!” she yelps, jumping onto the tip of her toes, then back down like a ballerina.

As they’re leaving, she flicks on the TV to check the weather in the living room. As she is clicking through channels, a wrestling match appears on the screen.

"Wait. I wanna watch this."

"I need to check the weather though."

"Let me just watch for a few minutes, okay?"

The current match is The Boink Brothers versus The Mexicools.

"Woe. I love The Mexicools! They're cool. They're not Mexicans, they're Mexicools!" Spanky mumbles.

Psychosis of The Mexicools is in the ring locked up with D. Boink…

"That's enough," Jelly states and turns off the TV. "Let's go."

She leads out of her apartment, Spanky following after her. Walking out into the hall, towards the stairs, and before stepping down the staircase, she stops and turns. He stops next to her.

"What?" he asks.

"Rock, paper, scissors. Ready? One, two, three, shoot."

He shoots paper. "I win. Paper beats rock, Jelly." He steps down one.

"One, two, three, shoot."

"Again, I beat you—scissors cuts paper." He steps down another.

"One, two, three, shoot."

"Again. Three in a row." He steps down a third.

"No fair!" she wines. Not wanting to go on with the loosing streak, she zooms down the staircase like thief on the run. "I beat you! I win. Ha ha!"

"You cheated, Jelly! You can't do that," he yells, looking down at her from the top of the staircase. "You think you're Eddie Guerrero[1] or something? Latino Heat? You cheater!"

[1] AKA Latino Heat. A great, professional wrestler of Mexican heritage known for: "I cheat, I lie, I steal!"

"What? Latino Heat?"

"Yea. 'I cheat, I lie, I steal?' Now, he is one cool wrestler.

"Okay… You're just bitter because I beat you." She sticks out her tongue, red as cherry. Come and get me, Spanky!"

As he watches her run, he sprints down the stairs, but his foot almost slips off the edge of a step and nearly tumbles down all the way. But just in time, he grabs the hand rail and regains balance, then continues to down the staircase chasing her. When he reaches the ground floor and runs out onto the sidewalk, she is way ahead of him so he keeps running after her. But faster he runs, further away she appears to be. Out of breath, he stops and yells out to her, "Jelly! Wait for me!" He thinks that he is going to lose her. Jelly stops running and turns around. Spanky bends over to catch some breath. When he stands back up, she is slowly walking back to by his side.

"Wow. You are fast," he says breathing calmer.

"Come on, you slowpoke. Which way?"

"This way." He leads the way, walking. As he catches his breaths and as his head clears with the thought of losing sight of Jelly, he realizes that it's rather cold out there. He sees, from his point of view, fog coming from below, from his mouth. "It's kind of chilly out here." Turning his head he also sees her exhaling foggy breath out from her mouth too. "I should have brought out a jacket," he comments. He blows a warm stream into the hole of his fist, then rubs his hands together to warm up his freezing fingers.

They walk down two more blocks and turn towards Superstar Supermarket, walking around it and through a group a row of big trees. Slicing through the barricading trees standing tightly side by side, they see the playground.

"Right there," he points to the playground.

“It’s big, it’s huge, it’s a Fat Poppa of a playground,” she cries looking up onto the hill. “Let’s run. I’ll race you. One, two three, go,” she says in increasing speed, then darts to the playground, ascending the hill at an unusually fast speed, reaching it in what seems to be about five seconds, even before he had the time to get ready.

“I’ll just walk,” thinking he’ll never be able to go up a hill that fast. So he starts taking long strides, then bends forward at the waist as the hill gets steeper, to counter-balance the center of gravity of his body due to the steep. Running out of breath, his strides get shorter and choppier. He looks up to see how far he has to walk, and in doing so catches a glimpse of the sky. In the sky there is a light grey sheet of clouds, a bit depressing but showing signs of lighter mood seen through the fairer parts of the sky. Looking at them more carefully, he sees holes of blue background between the ever-noticeable breaks. A few seconds later, he finds himself he’s finally on top of the hill. He walks onto the mulch and looks around for Jelly.

“Jelly?” he questions turning his head left and right.

“I’m right here,” she sings from the top of the slide above him. She slides down and meets Spanky at the base. “Help me up.”

He takes hold of her arms and pulls her up. As he pulls, she hops forward and hugs him, wrapping her arms around him.

I should hug her back, he thinks after pondering the situation. He raises his arms in front of him, his hands unknowingly curled up towards his elbow, and gives her a rabbit hug, squeezing her sides a few times, as if he doesn’t know how to hug a girl.

She giggles at his hug. “I need a hug to make up for the missed kiss this morning,” she says still hugging him snugly.

"Okay. Do you want to go down the slide again?" he asks, looking around to see if anyone has witnessed the pathetic way he hugged her.

"Only if you want to."

"I want to," Spanky says.

They break the hug and climb up the ladder a few feet away. He climbs first, and Jelly behind him. On the platform on top of the ladder, he turns and watches her escalate up to him. With her standing next to him, he looks down at the mulch five feet below him, and his eyes rise up and out to the edge of the playground, down the hill, and straight out. "Ah. You can see everything up from here." He places open palm over his eye brows as if a pirate looking out across the sea from the deck. "There are the trees and there is Superstar Supermarket. You can see the roof and everything. It looks so different from up here." He looks near his feet and steps up onto on of the large platform-step leading to the slide. He looks far out. "You get a better view from here."

"You can see little cars and people on the streets," she observes.

"I should have brought my binocular. It would be fun to spy on people."

"Yea, it would. It would be fun to spy on *girls!* Is that what you do on your free time, Spanky?

"No! What makes you think that?" He then thinks of something to change the subject.

"Noticing a building vaguely familiar from the angle he is at, he asks her, "is that your apartment?"

"Where? Oh that? Yea, I think it is…It is my apartment. But you can't see my window from here." She hops up a step to the pinnacle of the structure of the slide. She

jumps a few times and stretches her neck to get a better look. “You still can’t see that well. But it’s still really nice up here being able to see everything.”

Holding the railing and sticking his head out the rails, leaning out, he notices how far up he is from the ground and how long the slide is. “Woe, it’s kind of scary up here though. I haven’t been up this high, on top of a playground, in a long time.”

“Don’t fall!” She shoves him lightly in the back.

He pulls back away from the rails, lands back on his feet, turns, and hugs her tightly—not a wimpy bunny hug, but a Real Hug, like a child hugging a teddy bear. He lets her go and stares at her. “Sorry.” Then looks away. What if he did hall? What would have happened then?

“Come on, Spanky. Don’t be a sissy,” she ridicule him with a smile. “Do you want to go first?”

“What? Oh, down the slide.” Looking into the entrance-hole of the spiral-tunnel slide, he is daunted—about to spiral down into the unknown into that dark, black hole. Although he was excited about going down the slide a minute ago, he is starting to have second thoughts, after consciously becoming aware of elevation of his current location.

“I don’t know. Maybe going down the slide isn’t such a good idea.”

“What! It was your idea! You’re the one who wanted to come here!”

“But—”

She gives him an angry, bully look, looking like as if she might hit him. To avoid the tentative violence, he gives in.

“Okay. I’ll go down the slide.”

“Good. You go down first. No, I’ll go first because I’m a lady. Is that okay with you?”

"Yes."

She changes her mind. "No, let's go together."

"Jelly, the slide isn't wide enough for both of us to go down together."

"Okay. I'll go first then you follow right after me, okay?"

"Okay."

"Ready?"

"Ready."

"Set?"

"Set."

"Go!" Jelly slides down, screeching "wee!" in laughter arms raised in the air.

"Go!" Spanky slides right after, after closing his eyes and taking a big swallow, squawking "woo!" half scared and half in enjoyment. Then, *plop*, followed by another *plop.* Sliding down so fast that when they reach the bottom, they fall on their butts—Jelly first, then Spanky. Spanky, on his butt right behind her, gets up and walks over in front of her and pulls her arms to help her up. Unable to lift her using one arm, he pulls her with both arms, leaning back to use his body weight for aid.

"That was fun," she says enthusiastically. "Let's do it again," she brushes her butt to get the mulch off.

He exhales in relief, having gotten rid of the anxious feeling. But he isn't quite sure he wants to do it again. "I almost landed on top of you. It's very dangerous."

"It's very dangerous," she mocks him.

"Come on. Don't be a loser, man."

"Hey, what did you call me! I am *not* a …."

"Let's go across the monkey bar."

“Okay.”

They run across to the other side of the playground where the monkey bars are located. They are stand at the start of the monkey bars.

“I’ll go first this time. I’m good at monkey bar.” Bar by bar, he monkies across the monkey bars like a monkey. While doing so, he feels muscles around his armpits stretching, occasionally hanging on one for a second and breathing deeper, bringing refreshing feeling to his head. And she effortlessly follows behind him to the other end, occasionally kicking his butt. “What are you doing? Don’t kick my tushy,” he complains.

“Sorry. It was an accident,” she says innocently.

“Okay, fine,” unable to counter her innocence. When they finish the monkey bars, he tells her they’re going on the seesaw next. But she wants to do the monkey bar again. “No!” he utters not wanting to get kicked again. “We’re going on the seesaw!”

“Fine! We’ll go on the seesaw.”

She sit on one side and waits for him to get on.

He tries to pull down the seat on the other side so he can get on. “I’m gonna need some help Jelly.”

She straightens out her legs so his side is lower. Spanky jumps up and tries to place his chest on the seat to weigh it down. He tries to kick up a foot on the seat to launch himself up. He hangs on the edge in pull-up position with his leg in squatting position beneath but to no avail. “I can’t do this.” He puts his hands around his waist and faces Jelly.

“Oh. You need some help? How about this—when I jump, you hop on. Okay.”

“Okay.”

She launches off from the ground with her feet real hard. As the seesaw tips to Spanky's side, she yells to him to hop on. "Now, now!"

He swiftly sits on the seat as it hits the tired implanted on the ground. The seesaw tips back over to the other side. The two kids are taking turns bouncing back and forth on the seesaw.

"Jelly?"

"Yea."

"You better not dive off while I'm in the air."

"And if I do?"

"Don't. I don't want to bonk down on my…"

"Tushy?"

"…Yea, and hurt myself."

"I won't do that to you. Will you dive off, Spanky, and make *me* bonk down on *my* tushy?"

"Uh…" he lets seesaw tip back and froth a few more times before answering. "Yes," and before she pulls a quick one on him, he jumps off and she begins to descend.

"No!" she shrieks as her side falls down with great force. But with quick thinking, she dives off before her seat hits the tire landing on her sides.

Having witnessed this amazing event, he runs over to her. "Woe, Jelly. That's was amazing. How'd you tumble off like that? You should be a stunt woman or something. Wow. You are something, Jelly."

"Why'd you do that!" She gets in his face and pushes him back.

"I didn't wanna get screwed over. Nobody like getting screwed over…"

"But you said…"

“You said you wouldn’t jump off. But I never did.”

“You!” she shakes her fist at him with an angry face.

“I’m sorry. Did you get hurt? Do you want to punch me? Since I made you get hurt, I’ll let you punch me anywhere on my body. Pick a body part and punch me as hard as you can.”

“What? You’re letting me punch you?”

“It’s only fair that you punch me.”

“A free punch!” She thinks about where to hit him—his nose, his eye, his chin, his stomach…or maybe give him a low-blow, but she changes her mind. “No. I can’t punch you, Spanky. I won’t. I didn’t get hurt.”

“But the way you dived off was so awesome. You must have gotten hurt. Really. Hit me. I want you to.”

“It’s not like I jumped off five feet from the air. I just tipped myself over right before it hit the ground. I’m not hurt at all.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.” Half laughing and twittling her thumbs, she asserts, “But there is this one thing.”

“What?” he gasps. “What’s wrong?”

”You’re it!” She tags his arm and runs away from him, laughing.

He mumbles to himself as he starts to chase her. He runs, in pursuit of her, across the mulch, around the slide, up the ladder, across the bridge, down the steps, and under the monkey bars. He drops to the ground. “Ow. Jelly, I’m hurt. I’m hurt!”

She stops and turns. “You think I was born yesterday,” the girl yells. “I’m not gonna fall for that trick.”

“Ugh!” he breaths out hard. “Does Jelly think she’s smart or something?” he talks to himself sitting on his butt playing with his fingernails. “Oh my Gawd. It’s gonna take forever to tag her. Oh my.” He sighs with his shoulders sagged. He was never good at playing tag or good at anything for that matter.

“Come on now! Let’s go. Let’s go, boy!”

“Okay. I’m coming,” the boy mumbles. Getting up, he chases her down again.

As she runs between the swings, she grabs the ropes of the swings on both sides of her, pulls on them and lets them go, causing them to swing back and forth in a squiggly way. Spanky slows down and stops the swings so he doesn’t run into them and get tangled up. Knowing she’s too quick for him, he gives up—He just stands there, grabs a rope of a swing, and hangs on them leaning back like a lame duck. Casually wandering the playground with his eyeballs, he observes Jelly standing on a circular platform that spins. He walks toward her. “Is that what you call merry-go-round?” He steps onto it.

“Yea. I think so.” She grabs the rail and with one foot on the merry-go-round, pushes it off with her other foot, causing it to spin. He does the same.

“Faster,” she tells Spanky.

“Faster,” he replies.

They spin faster and faster until the world they see with their eyes turns to a blur. She starts laughing. He starts laughing too.

“Woe, I’m getting dizzy,” they both wonder at the same time. But they lift up their heads and let one arm out to the side, enjoying the air blowing in their face and through their finger and the dizzy feeling they haven’t felt since childhood.

“I can’t take it any more,” he hollers out.

“What?” she asks having missed what he just said.

“I’m getting dizzy!” he yells as he lets go of the rail and jumps off the merry-go-round, landing on his back on the mulch.

Jelly, seeing him laying on the ground, gasps in surprise—her jaws drop and her hand goes up to her mouth—then does the same. She jumps off except, unlike Spanky, she lands on her feet. She walks up to him and asks, “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” he says calmly, trying to get up but not being able to because he’s so dizzy. His hands dance all around in front of him in attempt to grab something and balance himself back on his feet, but his hand not finding anything to grasp anything. As he’s about half way up, he keeps plunking down on his butt.

She helps him up after a few seconds, after finding him acting that way amusing. But unable to keep balance, he leans left, then right, then backwards taking stuttering steps with his knees bent and his arms flying everywhere, like a drunk person. He almost trips down on the ground.

“Whew. I am so dizzy.” He rests his hand on his forehead. He then feels heat, like sitting next to a fireplace, on the side of his head from the breaking of the clouds in the sky. “I feel a bit muggy,” he says, pulling collar down to get some air in his shirt and cool down the nervous sweat.

“Sit down,” she commands tired of seeing him act foolish, and like a bully, she pushes him, causing him to land on his butt. On the ground, he lays down on his back. She lays down right next to him in the middle of the playground.

“I haven’t done this in such a long time,” he mutters, looking at the sky.

“Me neither.”

“It’s like when we were little, we used to spin around and around in place until we got dizzy to our tummy and fell down on the floor. I used to do that a lot. Did you do that when you were little?”

“No, I have never done that,” she tells him. “But I went on the merry-go-round everyday during recess.” Jelly turns her head to look at Spanky, and her fingers creep toward his hand like a spider then lays her hand on top of his.

He gasps surprised and looks down at his hand then at Jelly. He looks back up at the sky and turns his hand around with his palm touching her hand. Their hands squeeze in unison. Just about the very second, the grey clouds break away and rays of sunshine breaks through. There are white, puffy, cumulus clouds right above him high in the sky.

“The sun’s getting in my eyes,” he complains and lifts up his hand. “Let’s go on the swings now.”

Spanky and Jelly get up on their feet, brushing off pieces of wood off their backs.

“Let me help you, Spanky.” She sweeps her hand on his back starting on his shoulders and down to his lower back and even lower. She spanks his butt.

He jumps up in the air, with his knees raised up in front of him and his left hand dropping behind his butt area, almost losing balance and fall back down on his butt. “Jelly! What are you doing?”

“I’m helping you get all that stuff off your back and on your tushy. What? You didn’t like me slapping your tushy? LET’S SPANK SPANKY!”

“That was such an inappropriate thing to do! Oh my Gawd!”

“But you have a dirty tushy. I’m just trying to help you out,” she defends. “You can slap my tushy. Would you like that?” asks Jelly while smiling at him.

“Uh-huh. Time for pay back,” he says bitterly.

She turns around. Standing behind her, he winds his hand back. But as he's about to do what both he and Jelly think is gonna do, his hand stops an inch form her butt, and instead he shakes her hair to get the mulch off of them. "You have a lot of mulch in your hair," he says picking out the big pieces, slowly taking his time, caressing her beautiful hair.

Jelly coughs and clears her throat as if trying to tell him something.

"Okay, you're clean now. Now, onto the swings," he says changing the subject. He walks over to the swings and sits on one avoiding looking at her in the eye. She follows him and sits on the swing next to him.

"Let's hold hands now since you didn't spank me like I wanted you to," she says looking at him with her back straight, eyes even with his.

"Okay."

He hangs his arm by his side and she clutches his hand in her's. They hold hands.

"Do you like holding hands? Do you think this is romantic?" she questions and looks up at the sky like Spanky. "I like holding hands and KISSING in the morning at the break of dawn."

"It is. I think so—holding hands while sitting on swings on the playground. I have never done this before. It feels really weird. My tummy feels funny. I think it's because…" His head slants downward.

He has never done this before? He supposedly *made out with her all day long yesterday and so holding her hands should be nothing, one would think.*

Jelly and Spanky gaze at the scenery—In the predawn lights, there are little red birds flying across the sky then taking residence on a tree. There are sunflowers on few feet away from the tree with bees flying around it. The morning sun, rising from the east

begins to shine down on the two romantic youths. In the atmosphere, they see between the diverging curtains of the grey sheet of cloud, streaks of white lines formed from jets ripping through the sky on a light on a sea-blue background. Far east on the corner of the horizon, hauling itself up out of its bed, the dazzling sun, like crystal emerald, blinds their sights. They see trees around them, top half lit up and the other half still dim due to the sun's angle. The bright colored flowers near them look pure and unadulterated, and Spanky and Jelly sit there in the innocent, unfallen paradise.

They hold hands for what seems to be twenty minutes during which he attempts to get his hand on her gorgeous hair, but can't get himself to actually do it because he doesn't know what her reaction would be. However, just to see what she might do, he moves his free hand nearer and nearer her head.

"It's starting to get real sunny," she says, and places her hand on her forehead.

He scratches his head. "Okay. Yea. Let's go in. We might get skin cancer." They release their hands and get up. Newly-forming flocks of bulgy, bouncy clouds cover the sun and the intensity of the heat decrease.

"Wait. I wanna go down the slide one more time. One last time before we go," Spanky says.

"But we did that already…Okay. I'll stand right here and watch you."

Spanky goes up to the top of the slide up the ladder and the steps all the way up to the top to the spiral slide. Looking into the tunnel of the slide scares him like the first time. So he goes steps down a few to the straight slide that is half the length of the other one.

"Don't slide down that one. That's not fun. Go back up."

“But I like this one.” He slides down the short, straight slide, his arms up in the air like a toddler. Having slid down the slide, he says, “Okay. Let’s go home, Jelly.”

“Was that fun, Spanky? The short, *boring* slide?”

“Yep. A lot of fun.”

They walk back to her apartment. In her apartment, Spanky sits on the couch.

Jelly says, “I’m sweaty. I’m going to take a shower,” and starts to take off her shoes and her socks while he’s looking on.

He realizes what cute, pink socks she has on. She then gets ready to take off more articles of clothing. He stands up and says, “I’m gonna go to home and take a shower too. I’ll be back in thirty minutes.”

“Okay. Bye bye, Spanky.”

“Bye.”

2

Spanky, instead of taking a shower, dives onto his bed. Laying on his bed and staring at the ceiling, he thinks to himself. And as he thinks, he remembers that Jelly is a girl from his class that he has a crush on. He doesn't remember how he got her to be his girlfriend…but nevertheless he continues to think:

Wow, that was a lot of fun—running around with her, chasing her, laying on the ground with her, going on the swing with her and holding her hand. But most of all, I loved brushing mulch off her hair. I love her hair! Her hair is so curly and fluffy. I wish I could just grab them and play with them. I want to grasp some of her hair my left hand and twirl them around with my right index finger. I see her do that all the time, and sometimes it's annoying, but it looks so fun. She's always touching her hair—either pushing them up, twirling them around and around, or chewing on them. That's what I want to do too—chew on her hair. I don't know what hair tastes like, but she seems to enjoy it so much. I'm sure it tastes good. I bet it's chewy too. She does that whenever she gets bored in class when the teacher lectures.

I always come in late to class and there aren't any seats left except in the back which is where I sit. When I look up at the board, her head is right there in front of my sight and she's constantly playing with her hair. It's so distracting. I can't even pay attention to the teacher because her hair is so fluffy and curly, and she always fidgeting with them. I want to yell at her, 'Jelly! Stop it!' or throw a crumpled piece of paper at her head. Sometimes, I think she does that on purpose to gain attention as if she doesn't get enough already. In class, she's always raising her hand and answering questions and getting good grades and always liked by all her teachers. When we have a class

discussion, she's always leading the class, incessantly talking, diverting attention away from everyone else. She's like a champion student. Teachers like champion students.

But what if she doesn't let me touch her hair? What if I ask her, 'Jelly, could I play with your hair' and she says 'no.' She'll probably think that I'm a jerk for trying to touch her *hair. Oh well. Let's write a poem about her hair.*

He gets up out of bed, sits at his desk and diligently writes:

Hair Poem

I wish I could touch Jelly's hair—
So perfect and pretty.

I just want to grab them and play—
Her hair and me right here.

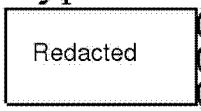
I want to get to know her—
Her irresistible hair.

Her hair is so divine and beautiful—
Like the Greek Goddess of Hair.

From: laward2@vt.edu [laward2@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, April 24,2007 8:32 PM
To: McNamee, Mark
Subject: RE: Cho Degree

Dear Dr. McNamee,

My phone numbers are:



(h)
(o)
(c)

I look forward to speaking with your office.

Thank you,

Lacy Ward, Jr.

Quoting "McNamee, Mark" :

> Please give me a number where you can be called. We do not discuss such
> things by email.
>
> Mark McNamee
>
> -----Original Message-----
> From: laward2@vt.edu [mailto:laward2@vt.edu]
> Sent: Tuesday, April 24, 2007 11:02 AM
> To: McNamee, Mark
> Subject: Fwd: Cho Degree
>
> Dr. McNamee,
>
> I apologize that I did not include a subject line on yesterday. This
> may have
> affected receipt.
>
> Thanking you in advance for your reply, I am,
>
> Lacy Ward, Jr.
>
> ----- Forwarded message from laward2@vt.edu -----
> Date: Mon, 23 Apr 2007 09:44:18 -0400
> From: laward2@vt.edu
> Reply-To: laward2@vt.edu

> To: mmcnamee@vt.edu
>
> April 23, 2007
>
> Mark G. McNamee, Ph.D.
> University Provost and
> Vice President for Academic Affairs
>
> Dear Dr. McNamee
>
> In accordance with the following policy, will the Cho family recieve
> Seung-Hui
> Cho's bachelor's degree in English?
>
> "The university has decided that those students whose lives were taken
> will be
> awarded posthumously the academic degree for which they were enrolled
> effective
> Spring 2007. These degrees will be awarded during the college, graduate
> school,
> or departmental commencement exercises, where such degrees are usually
> awarded." http://www.vt.edu/tragedy/academic_procedures.php
>
> Lacy Ward, Jr.
> VT, MPA, 1999
>
>
> ----- End forwarded message -----
>
>
>

From: Ed Falco [efalco@vt.edu]
Sent: Thursday, August 24,2006 11:55 AM
To: Cheryl Ruggiero
Subject: Re: Drop Question

Thanks, Cheryl . . .

Ed

On Aug 24, 2006, at 11:43 AM, Cheryl Ruggiero wrote:

> Ed,
>
> I suggest emailing Mr. Cho, noting his departure, and asking his
> intentions for the class. You never know--maybe he simply had to
> go to the restroom or became ill. He may not intend to drop.
>
> On the other hand, if he says he does intend to drop but just isn't
> getting around to it, I can drop him, or Dee can when she does the
> add for the other student.
>
> Let me know what's happening and how else I can help.
>
> Cheryl
>
> On Aug 23, 2006, at 9:53 PM, Ed Falco wrote:
>
>>
>> Cheryl,
>>
>> Cho, Seung-Hul walked out of my playwriting course this afternoon
>> mid-way through my introduction to the class. I'm assuming he's
>> going to drop the course, though his name is still on the roll.
>> There's another student who is hoping to add the course, so I'm
>> wondering if there's some way to encourage Mr. Cho to go ahead and
>> officially drop. Any thoughts?
>>
>> Ed
>>
>> Cho, Seung-Hui
>> sc2@vt.edu
>
> Cheryl W Ruggiero
> English Department Assistant Chair
> cruggier@vt.edu, 540 231-6513
>
>

Cho family statement

POSTED: 6:20 p.m. EDT, April 20, 2007, CNN

The statement by Sun-Kyung Cho, sister of Seung-Hui Cho, on behalf of herself and her family:

On behalf of our family, we are so deeply sorry for the devastation my brother has caused. No words can express our sadness that 32 innocent people lost their lives this week in such a terrible, senseless tragedy. We are heartbroken.

We grieve alongside the families, the Virginia Tech community, our State of Virginia, and the rest of the nation. And, the world.

Every day since April 16, my father, mother and I pray for students Ross Abdallah Alameddine, Brian Roy Bluhm, Ryan Christopher Clark, Austin Michelle Cloyd, Matthew Gregory Gwaltney, Caitlin Millar Hammaren, Jeremy Michael Herbstritt, Rachael Elizabeth Hill, Emily Jane Hilscher, Jarrett Lee Lane, Matthew Joseph La Porte, Henry J. Lee, Partahi Mamora Halomoan Lumbantoruan, Lauren Ashley McCain, Daniel Patrick O'Neil, J. Ortiz-Ortiz, Minal Hiralal Panchal, Daniel Alejandro Perez, Erin Nicole Peterson, Michael Steven Pohle, Jr., Julia Kathleen Pryde, Mary Karen Read, Reema Joseph Samaha, Waleed Mohamed Shaalan, Leslie Geraldine Sherman, Maxine Shelly Turner, Nicole White, Instructor Christopher James Bishop, and Professors Jocelyne Couture-Nowak, Kevin P. Granata, Liviu Librescu and G.V. Loganathan.

We pray for their families and loved ones who are experiencing so much excruciating grief. And we pray for those who were injured and for those whose lives are changed forever because of what they witnessed and experienced.

Each of these people had so much love, talent and gifts to offer, and their lives were cut short by a horrible and senseless act.

We are humbled by this darkness. We feel hopeless, helpless and lost. This is someone that I grew up with and loved. Now I feel like I didn't know this person.

We have always been a close, peaceful and loving family. My brother was quiet and reserved, yet struggled to fit in. We never could have envisioned that he was capable of so much violence.

He has made the world weep. We are living a nightmare.

There is much justified anger and disbelief at what my brother did, and a lot of questions are left unanswered. Our family will continue to cooperate fully and do whatever we can to help authorities understand why these senseless acts happened. We have many unanswered questions as well.

Our family is so very sorry for my brother's unspeakable actions. It is a terrible tragedy for all of us.

NIKKI GIOVANNI

403 Shanks Hall
Virginia Tech
(540) 231-7785

15 October 2005

Mr. Cho:

Your paper of October 10 is disturbing to me.

From the beginning of this semester I have had the impression that you did not wish to be a part of this class. You usually have a ball cap pulled over your eyes as if you are asleep and when I have asked, as I did several times,. for you to al least push it back a bit, you did not comply.

I am not sure why you enrolled in this class but I feel I am not being a help to you either through your writing or sparking your imagination.

If you would prefer some other creative writing professor I will be more than pleased to do all in my power to help you make the change even at this late date. If you feel you have enrolled in error I will be pleased to allow you to withdraw with no prejudice.

I think you need to consider whether or not you wish to continue with me and this class and if so please make time so that you and I can discuss what steps you will need to complete to be brought up to date.

Sincerely,

Nikki Giovanni
University Distinguished Professor

Cc Lucinda Roy
Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English

From:	Roy, Lucinda [lroy@vt.edu]
Sent:	Tuesday, February 14,2006 11:38 AM
To:	Hicok, Bob
Subject:	RE: Concern about a student (Seung Cho)

Dear Bob:

Sorry in advance for this brief response.

I try to provide alternatives for those who may be chronically shy. They can write responses to me instead of speaking up in class, and let me know which of these can be shared with the rest of the class. I read these out when appropriate. Explain this to him by e-mail or in person. If he doesn't submit responses, then you'll want to grade him accordingly--just make it clear that he'll be risking a low grade if he doesn't submit them. I hope this is helpful.

Feel free to chat with Nancy about this. She may have additional ideas.

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English
Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
Phone: (540) 231-8466

-----Original Message-----
From: bob hicok [mailto:hicok@vt.edu]
Sent: Friday, February 10, 2006 5:53 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: RE: Concern about a student (Seung Cho)

Lucinda,

If he doesn't get involved, either in class or with me, what are the guidelines for grading? A workshop class requires some level of participation.
Do we have a policy about this? I have my own grading policy, but does his
condition warrant being treated as a disability? I'm very clear about the need
to participate, both in my explanation of the course and on the syllabus. Does
my responsibility end at letting him know I'll talk to him? bob

>===== Original Message From "Roy, Lucinda" <lroy@vt.edu> =====
>Dear Bob:
>
>Seung had some difficulties in a class he took with Nikki last semester,

>so I invited him to leave her class, and Fred and I worked with him on
>an independent study. I was able to meet with him several times. (I
>believe that Fred met with him once or twice, but feel free to check
>with Fred about this.) After much effort, and more prodding than you
>can imagine, he began to work with me. He spoke, but it was often in
>short sentences that were barely audible. Later on, it got a bit
>better, and we even had a few laughs together. He revised a poem,
wrote
>another, and submitted part of a novel. I also wrote a poem for him
so
>that we could exchange poems, and he seemed to appreciate that. His
>novel excerpt came in after the semester was over, so I got my comments
>to him in January. It was promising.
>
>Clearly, he has some serious issues to work through, and I wouldn't
push
>him to speak, especially not in front of the class because he's
>chronically shy. I honestly think it causes him physical pain to speak
>up. Instead, just let him know you're available. I don't believe he's
>being intentionally difficult, but he also has a lot of anger. If that
>should come out in some way that is of concern, please don't hesitate
to
>get in touch with Fred or me.
>
>I hope this is helpful, Bob.
>
>Lucinda
>
>Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
>Chair, Department of English
>Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
>Phone: (540) 231-8466
>
>-----Original Message-----
>From: bob hicok [mailto:hicok@vt.edu]
>Sent: Friday, February 10, 2006 3:55 PM
>To: Roy, Lucinda
>Subject: Concern about a student (Seung Cho)
>
>Lucinda,
>
>Seung Cho is a student in my 3704. He's an English major and a junior.
>He
>can't or won't talk. Not when called on in class -- this is pretty
>clearly
>tough for him -- and not even one on one. When I spoke to him about
>this, he
>literally made no sound. The most I could get him to do was nod, and
>this was
>barely perceptible. I then asked him to tell me what's up in an
e-mail.
>He
>didn't do this, I e-mailed him, and his repsonse was "I don't know. I
>have
>trouble talking. I don't know." I e-mailed again and again told him

>that,
>minus any conversation, it would be almost impossible for him to pass
>the
>course. His repsonse was that he'd try to talk. Is his name familiar?
>What
>should I do in a case like this? bob

From:	Roy, Lucinda
Sent:	Friday, February 10,2006 4:14 PM
To:	Hicok, Bob
Cc:	D'Aguiar, Frederick
Subject:	RE: Concern about a student (Seung Cho)

Dear Bob:

Seung had some difficulties in a class he took with Nikki last semester, so I invited him to leave her class, and Fred and I worked with him on an independent study. I was able to meet with him several times. (I believe that Fred met with him once or twice, but feel free to check with Fred about this.) After much effort, and more prodding than you can imagine, he began to work with me. He spoke, but it was often in short sentences that were barely audible. Later on, it got a bit better, and we even had a few laughs together. He revised a poem, wrote another, and submitted part of a novel. I also wrote a poem for him so that we could exchange poems, and he seemed to appreciate that. His novel excerpt came in after the semester was over, so I got my comments to him in January. It was promising.

Clearly, he has some serious issues to work through, and I wouldn't push him to speak, especially not in front of the class because he's chronically shy. I honestly think it causes him physical pain to speak up. Instead, just let him know you're available. I don't believe he's being intentionally difficult, but he also has a lot of anger. If that should come out in some way that is of concern, please don't hesitate to get in touch with Fred or me.

I hope this is helpful, Bob.

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
Chair, Department of English
Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
Phone: (540) 231-8466

-----Original Message-----
From: bob hicok [mailto:hicok@vt.edu]
Sent: Friday, February 10, 2006 3:55 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Concern about a student (Seung Cho)

Lucinda,

Seung Cho is a student in my 3704. He's an English major and a junior. He can't or won't talk. Not when called on in class -- this is pretty clearly tough for him -- and not even one on one. When I spoke to him about this, he literally made no sound. The most I could get him to do was nod, and this was barely perceptible. I then asked him to tell me what's up in an e-mail. He didn't do this, I e-mailed him, and his repsonse was "I don't know. I have trouble talking. I don't know." I e-mailed again and again told him that, minus any conversation, it would be almost impossible for him to pass the course. His repsonse was that he'd try to talk. Is his name familiar? What should I do in a case like this? bob

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Tuesday, October 18,2005 5:58 PM
To: Giovanni, Nikki
Cc: Virginia Fowler; Ruggiero, Cheryl; D'Aguiar, Frederick
Subject: FW: letter- Cho

FYI—a note from Zenobia Hikes. Frances Keene may by in touch with you.

Cheryl and I will be meeting with Seung Cho tomorrow or Thursday. I'm going to suggest that he take an Independent Study course with me and Fred. We won't need to meet with him too often, so it shouldn't be a problem, if he is willing to do this. I taught this student (he was a student in my 300-seat Intro to Poetry course) and I have a number of old e-mails from him. He knows me, and I now recall him too, so that should make things a little easier.

I've been in contact with Tom Brown, Zenobia Hikes, Detective George Jackson, and Bob Miller in Counseling. I think we've got all the bases covered. I wanted to get back in touch with you before the day ended, but I was still waiting to hear from a few people.

Thanks so much for bringing this to our attention, Nikki. I'm really sorry this happened. I'm glad you're not meeting class on Thursday—perfect timing! It gives us a chance to sort this out.

Take care—

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Hikes, Zenobia
Sent: Tuesday, October 18, 2005 5:23 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda; Giovanni, Nikki
Cc: Keene, Frances

Subject: letter- Cho

Lucinda-

Thank you for bringing the matter regarding Mr, Cho to my attention. In addition to your call to University Police, I have contacted Frances Keene in Judicial Affairs. She will be in touch with Dr. Giovanni. Frances will then follow-up with me regarding next steps.—ZH

Dr. Zenobia L. Hikes

Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University

Vice President for Student Affairs

112 Burruss Hall (0250)

Blacksburg, VA 24061

(540) 231-6272

(540) 231-3189 - fax

From: sc2@vt.edu [sc2@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, October 18,2005 11:38 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Re: Please See Me

it's obvious that i'm in a lot of trouble...yes, i'll come wed and get yelled at or whatever you want to do to me...

> ----- Original Message -----
> **From:** Roy, Lucinda
> **To:** sc2@vt.edu
> **Cc:** Shepherd, Tamera ; Ruggiero, Cheryl
> **Sent:** Tuesday, October 18, 2005 5:51 PM
> **Subject:** Please See Me
>
> Dear Seung-Hui Cho:
>
> As you know, you were a student in my large Introduction to Poetry course. During that time, we interchanged a number of notes, including one in which you said you were working on a novel, and another in which you queried a grade. Iâ€™d like to meet with you.
>
> Please come to my office (Shanks 303) either tomorrowâ€"Wednesday at 1:30 PM or the next dayâ€"Thursday at 9:30 AM. You will not be having class at that time, I believe, so you should be available to see me. Please respond to this e-mail note confirming that you plan to stop by.
>
> Thank you.
>
> Professor Roy
>
> Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
>
> Chair, Department of English
>
> Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
>
> Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Mary Ann Lewis [malewis@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, October 18,2005 6:29 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Re: Student Disruption

Bless you, my dear. I, of course, will be happy to process drops
and adds as appropriate.
MA

At 05:45 PM 10/18/2005, you wrote:
>Dear Jerry and Mary Ann:
>
>I wanted to give you a heads-up about a student who submitted a
>"poem" in Nikki Giovanni's poetry class and then read it out loud
>today. Nikki found the work in her mailbox but hadn't realized he
>would read it out loud.
>
>In the poem he castigates all of the class, accusing them of
>genocide and cannibalism because they joked about eating snake and
>other animals. He says he is disgusted with them, and tells them
>they will all "burn in hell." He read the poem with dark glasses
>on. Later, students informed Nikki that he's been taking photos of
>the class without their permission; I've learned he's been doing
>this in at least one other class he's been taking.
>
>His name is Seung-Hui Cho, and I had him in my large lecture class
>last year. The students in Nikki's class have asked for assistance
>because they are intimidated by him. Nikki has requested
>security. I've been in contact with Tom Brown, Zenobia Hikes,
>Detective George Jackson, and Bob Miller in Counseling. Cheryl and
>I will be meeting with the student tomorrow to try to find out
>what's going on. Nikki no longer feels comfortable teaching the
>student, and the students have also requested relief. As I
>understand it from Tom Brown, I can remove Seung from Nikki's class
>as long as I offer him a viable alternative. I will be suggesting
>that he take an Independent Study in lieu of the class, and that he
>work with either me or Fred D'Aguiar. Nikki, who is never rattled
>by anything, is genuinely distressed about this student's behavior.
>
>I wanted to inform you about this in case he lodges a complaint with
>the College. Please let me know if there's anything else I should do.
>
>Lucinda
>
>Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor
>Chair, Department of English

>Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
>Phone: (540) 231-8466
>

Mary Ann Lewis, Associate Dean, College of Liberal Arts and Human Sciences, Va Tech, 540 231 6770

From: Andrea Teague [misswindjammer@highstream.net]
Sent: Sunday, April 22,2007 9:48 PM
To: Flinchum, Wendell
Cc: Andrea Teague
Subject: Cho information
Attachments: greyline.gif; scr_symQuestion.gif;

Hello,

I had an ebay transaction with Mr. Cho and I paid for it through paypal which makes me believe he also had a paypal account. I'm not sure if you have looked into that for case details yet, but incase you would like the information from my transaction, here it is. If you need to contact me, my number is 540-641-3056. If I do not answer, please leave a message.

Any harassment I've received would be well worth it if I could help you in any way.

I have been asked by many reporters to give interviews and honestly, the only one I would want to give of any kind is to the police to help.

I know that these times are hard for you as well. I believe that you are doing everything in your power to make a difference in this case. If you have time, please email me back and let me know you received this message.

Warmly,
Andrea

Here is a copy of the transaction details:

eBay Payment Sent (ID # 90R65462LX5380248)

Total Amount:-$7.50 USD
Date:Feb. 26, 2007
Time:18:31:45 PST
Status:Completed

Item #	Item Title	Qty	Price	Subtot
200078580009	Virginia Tech Hokies vs Boston College Eagles Ticket...	1	$7.50 USD	$7.50 US

Shipping & Handling via Standard Delivery (includes any seller handling fees):
Shipping Insurance :

Total: $7.50 US

Shipping Address: andrea teague
1000 Kabrich Street
Blacksburg, VA 24060
United States
Unconfirmed Help

Payment To: Seung-Hui Cho (The recipient of this payment is Verified)
Seller's ID: blazers5505
Seller's Email: blazers5505@hotmail.com

Funding Type: Credit Card
Funding Source: $7.50 USD - Visa Card XXXX-XXXX-XXXX-7801
This credit card transaction will appear on your bill as "PAYPAL *BLAZERS5505".

Original Transaction

Date	Type	Status	Details	Amount
Feb. 26, 2007	Payment To Seung-Hui Cho	Completed	...	-$7.50 US

Related Transaction

Date	Type	Status	Details	Amount
Feb. 26, 2007	Charge From Credit Card	Completed	Details	$7.50 US

Description: Virginia Tech Hokies vs Boston College Eagles Ticket...

From: Jennifer McDonald [mcdonalds4vtech@gmail.com]
Sent: Monday, May 14,2007 8:47 PM
To: christiegregg@msn.com; Arner, Alison; Kelly McPherson
Subject: Fwd: FW: worth the read

I don't forward a lot on but this is good but long. So Christie you might want to wait until after your cardio.
---------- Forwarded message ----------
From: **McDonald, Jennifer** <jennifer.mcdonald@pfizer.com>
Date: May 14, 2007 8:19 PM
Subject: FW: worth the read
To: "McDonald, Michael" < michael.mcdonald@pfizer.com>, mcdonalds4vtech@gmail.com

---

From: White, Susan D
Sent: Friday, May 11, 2007 10:27 AM
To: idesigntv@aol.com; It's me...Cindy !; omawhite@earthlink.net; ohkatie@adelphia.net; McDonald, Jennifer ; Sannes, Amy L; Brower, Rebecca H; Skip Allegood
Subject: FW: worth the read

-----Original Message-----
From: radhokie@suddenlink.net
To: mgmiddle@aol.com; cnewman@pacific.net.sg; hangerhokies@comcast.net; MacDaddyMD@aol.com; Mggalecki@aol.com; cgmoore23@comcast.net; dcarlson@rcps.org; JCox@carilion.com; gmossmail@aol.com; dehart43@hotmail.com; btbarnett@bellsouth.net; dtgreenfield@suddenlink.net; mflattery@mcvh-vcu.edu; howrep@aol.com; Julieandmikeb@aol.com; gwade@rcps.org; scott@sayreinc.com; pfjansons@adelphia.net; martin1@peed-bortz.com; kclark@care-one.com; Trn4lif@aol.com; sgreco01@vt.edu; bsumner@mail.mcps.org; kbdhokie@charter.net; robd@bomva.com; scdonnelly2001@yahoo.com; donb5170@yahoo.com; danandcindy@adelphia.net
Sent: Wed, 9 May 2007 2:07 AM
Subject: worth the read

April 20, 2007

Dear Seung-Hui Cho,

I know you're dead, but I have to write to you. I guess that must sound silly, really silly. But then, we're hardly in the position to discuss irrationality at this point, and you didn't give anyone the chance to say anything to you while you were still alive. My name is Emily and I am a 30-year-old alumnus of Virginia Tech. I graduated in 2000 with an English degree, just as I believe you were attempting to ascertain before all of this. I went on to earn a Master's degree in Secondary English Education in 2003, and I now teach English in a Virginia high school outside of Richmond. You killed my student's cousin, Matt Gwaltney. Since April 16th, we have discovered two guns in the hands of children in our school. If I'm looking for a positive to this, I guess it would be that we found the guns before anything as terrible as your efforts occurred.

So, here I sit at my computer, four days after you killed 32 people an! d yours elf on our campus, writing you, a total [dead] stranger. And I'm thinking that you're not really a stranger. Isn't that crazy?! I mean, we've never met, we never had a class together, and I didn't directly know anyone you hurt or killed. But, the truth is that we were both Hokies and we were both English majors and maybe we have both been hurt by incidents in our lives. But the difference is that I worked through being poorer than my wealthier peers by working at coffee shops in Blacksburg through college. I just didn't have much of an academic drive in high school, maybe you felt that way too with a sister at Princeton.

I remember sitting alone in my apartment in Blacksburg in the fall of 1998 wishing I had had the experience of living in a dorm, because maybe then I would have friends. But do you know where I made friends in a matter of a few weeks after moving to Blacksburg? Not in a sorority, not in a Mercedes dealership parking lot, not in a jewelry store buying a gold necklace, but in a coffee shop making just enough money to pay the rent and buy some groceries.

Death and brutality have a way of leaving a stench about the places they hit. Long after a place is cleaned up, long after they carry away your carelessness, people are afraid to walk the paths that you walked around campus. People are afraid to enter the post office you used to deliver your hatred nationally. It's almost like we're afraid to walk through some evil cloud you may have left, some contagious insanity you may have littered our streets with. But do I hate you for it? No. Don't get me wrong; I won't! make e xcuses for you. I won't say, "Well, maybe he came from a bad home," or "Maybe something happened to him that wounded him so deeply," because nothing that happened before April 16th warranted what you did. But I won't let your darkness cast a shadow on my heart, because I won't let you win.

See, what you don't realize is that your plan failed in so many ways. First of all, if your intentions in delivering the package to NBC were to explain to us from the grave why you did what you did, you didn't. I think I can speak for every Hokie when I say that we still don't understand who you were speaking to in the video, who your hatred was directed towards, or why you rambled on endlessly about your children that you yourself made impossible to have. Whatever impression you wanted to leave in our minds, unless it was pity and disgust for the dissertation of a madman, it didn't happen, Seung. And you ended your life so quickly that you can't come back to clarify, you can't answ! er your audience's questions, you can't take responsibility for your "work" if that's what you saw it as. You can't even revel in the aftermath of your mess.

Virginia Tech has always had the reputation of being a "good ole boy's" school; I guess because we have such a well-known agricultural program, or maybe it's all of the cows in the fields that surround our campus, but Virginia Tech is a school with a fantastic reputation for academic
excellence without the ostentatious attitude often associated with some of our counterparts. Which is why it is so hard to believe that you chose Blacksburg as the venue for your jealous tirade! You shot and killed people who rode horses, who played in the marching band, or who
were learning foreign languages. You senselessly murdered people that didn't know you, that had no idea why you were angry with them, that probably worked jobs or earned scholarships to pay for their education because they too were not particularly wealthy. And! even t hough I'm
grateful that you didn't go to the English Hall that day, I realize that you chose Norris Hall and the poor souls in it because you were a coward who couldn't kill people you knew. You couldn't be Evil in the face of familiarity, and your convictions weren't strong enough to let you face the consequences of your actions. You were nothing more than a little boy with a hand gun, some chains, and a digital camera; a spineless child who lost site of the distinct line between reality and a video game, between humanity and a Stephen King novel.

So let me tell you what your legacy is, Seung-Hui Cho. Let me tell you the ending since you missed it. We are better than before! We are stronger, more united, and better known! Show me someone now that hasn't heard of Virginia Tech! You brought the President of the United States to Blacksburg in a Hokie tie! You gave our school national attention, you let everyone know what a Hokie is, what our school colors are, what ! we stan d for, and what a beautiful campus we have and are so fortunate to call home! Dr. Phil is talking about our resiliency on national television! Oprah Winfrey wore Hokie colors today! Virginia Tech was mentioned on American Idol! I saw people from the other side of the globe praying over candles in the shape of a VT. Our athletic competitors have sent us flowers, thoughts of love, and signs of faith in our ability to overcome all of this (and we will overcome this). You even caused UVA to paint their bridge in support of us and they're our biggest rivals! Money and well wishes are flooding in from all over the world, and people aren't talking about you; they're talking about us. You gave us cause to revisit our alma mater, to contact our old friends, to proudly boast that we are Hokies and that we love our school.

Everyone you killed was given a degree and a first-class one-way ticket to a place even more beautiful than Blacksburg; a place you'll never know. And no one will remember your name in a year. In fact, I have to keep looking at the top of this letter to get your name right as I write this. You will be a footnote in the history of our success as a university. All you did was emphasize how truly alone you are; the very antithesis of your plan occurred. We stand together, a Hokie Nation, and you have been written off as a maladjusted lunatic who apparently flipped out because you couldn't get a girlfriend. What a legacy for your family to have to bear, or did you even consider them?

Two days ago I branded myself a Hokie. That is to say I now have a tattoo of a little Hokie bird on my foot. Not a sad Hokie bird. There's no tear in his eye or black ribbon behind him, because I don't want to remember you. I just want to reaffirm my love and pride in my school. A! nd last night my husband and I sat up making Hokie ribbons for people to wear today, a day determined to be HOKIE PRIDE, NATION-WIDE. Today I made VT buttons and key chains and sold them for money to donate to the Hokie Spirit

foundation, and guess what? I sold out! I couldn't be prouder of where we are today. So, thanks whatever-your-name-is.

I'll leave you with this last thought and then I promise I will never speak your name again. As a writer, I'd say you walked off stage before it was over. As a critic, I'd say your manifesto is incomplete and incoherent. As a teacher, I'd say the lesson you tried to teach was irresponsible and immature. As a mother, I'd say your actions were impulsive and embarrassing. And finally as a Hokie, I'd say I'm ashamed of you and I disown you. No Hokie would behave that way.

Go Hokies, both in heaven and here on Earth!

-Emily (Pruitt) McDaniel

Virginia Tech c/o 2000 & 2003

AOL now offers free email to everyone. Find out more about what's free from AOL at **AOL.com** .

From:	Jerry Niles [niles@vt.edu]
Sent:	Tuesday, October 18,2005 6:04 PM
To:	Roy, Lucinda
Subject:	Re: Student Disruption

Lucinda,

Thank you for the update. As always you have taken the right measures. let us know if you need our support.

Sorry.

Jerry

At 05:45 PM 10/18/2005, you wrote:
>Dear Jerry and Mary Ann:
>
>I wanted to give you a heads-up about a student who submitted a
>"poem" in Nikki Giovanni's poetry class and then read it out loud
>today. Nikki found the work in her mailbox but hadn't realized he
>would read it out loud.
>
>In the poem he castigates all of the class, accusing them of
>genocide and cannibalism because they joked about eating snake and
>other animals. He says he is disgusted with them, and tells them
>they will all "burn in hell." He read the poem with dark glasses
>on. Later, students informed Nikki that he's been taking photos of
>the class without their permission; I've learned he's been doing
>this in at least one other class he's been taking.
>
>His name is Seung-Hui Cho, and I had him in my large lecture class
>last year. The students in Nikki's class have asked for assistance
>because they are intimidated by him. Nikki has requested
>security. I've been in contact with Tom Brown, Zenobia Hikes,
>Detective George Jackson, and Bob Miller in Counseling. Cheryl and
>I will be meeting with the student tomorrow to try to find out
>what's going on. Nikki no longer feels comfortable teaching the
>student, and the students have also requested relief. As I
>understand it from Tom Brown, I can remove Seung from Nikki's class
>as long as I offer him a viable alternative. I will be suggesting
>that he take an Independent Study in lieu of the class, and that he
>work with either me or Fred D'Aguiar. Nikki, who is never rattled
>by anything, is genuinely distressed about this student's behavior.
>
>I wanted to inform you about this in case he lodges a complaint with
>the College. Please let me know if there's anything else I should do.
>
>Lucinda
>
>Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

>Chair, Department of English
>Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061
>Phone: (540) 231-8466
>

From:	Cheryl Ruggiero [cruggier@vt.edu]
Sent:	Wednesday, October 19,2005 5:18 PM
To:	Roy, Lucinda
Subject:	notes on meeting with student
Attachments:	cho.notes.oct19.05.doc; ATT62252075.txt;

Lucinda,

It didn't take long to write these up, but there were a lot of interruptions. This is my best shot at transcribing my notes along with a few things I remembered that weren't in my notes.

Cheryl

From: Hikes, Zenobia
Sent: Wednesday, October 19,2005 2:34 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: RE: Please See Me

Lucinda-

Will you be having this conversation alone? Are you comfortable in doing so.?—ZH

Dr. Zenobia L. Hikes

Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University

Vice President for Student Affairs

112 Burruss Hall (0250)

Blacksburg, VA 24061

(540) 231-6272

(540) 231-3189 - fax

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19, 2005 12:13 PM
To: Hikes, Zenobia; Brown, Tom
Subject: FW: Please See Me

FYI

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: Roy, Lucinda
Sent: Wednesday, October 19, 2005 12:13 PM
To: 'sc2@vt.edu'
Subject: RE: Please See Me

I will see you today (Wednesday) in my office at 1:30. Please note that it would not be appropriate for me to yell at students, nor would I ever desire to do so. As you may know, there are protocols which are appropriate in these situations and protocols which are inappropriate. It's important that all parties in any dispute attempt to show respect to one another. I remember that we had some productive interchanges when you were in my class, and I hope that this will be the case when we meet.

Professor Roy

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From: sc2@vt.edu [mailto:sc2@vt.edu]
Sent: Tuesday, October 18, 2005 11:39 PM
To: Roy, Lucinda
Subject: Re: Please See Me

it's obvious that i'm in a lot of trouble...yes, i'll come wed and get yelled at or whatever you want to do to me...

> ----- Original Message -----
>
> **From:** Roy, Lucinda
>
> **To:** sc2@vt.edu
>
> **Cc:** Shepherd, Tamera ; Ruggiero, Cheryl
>
> **Sent:** Tuesday, October 18, 2005 5:51 PM
>
> **Subject:** Please See Me
>
> Dear Seung-Hui Cho:

As you know, you were a student in my large Introduction to Poetry course. During that time, we interchanged a number of notes, including one in which you said you were working on a novel, and another in which you queried a grade. I'd like to meet with you.

Please come to my office (Shanks 303) either tomorrow—Wednesday at 1:30 PM or the next day—Thursday at 9:30 AM. You will not be having class at that time, I believe, so you should be available to see me. Please respond to this e-mail note confirming that you plan to stop by.

Thank you.

Professor Roy

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From:	Roy, Lucinda
Sent:	Sunday, October 23,2005 5:14 PM
To:	Mooney, Jennifer
Subject:	Seung Cho

Dear Jennifer:

I'll be teaching Seung Cho for the rest of the semester, possibly with Fred's help.

Essentially, I'll take over the teaching of the poetry workshop as Seung's new professor. What's the best way to handle this? FYI--Mary Ann Lewis has kindly offered to help us with substitutions so that we can accommodate this student. She is familiar with the issues.

I look forward to hearing from you—

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466

From:	Roy, Lucinda
Sent:	Friday, December 02,2005 2:40 PM
To:	Fowler, Virginia; Giovanni, Nikki
Subject:	Seung Cho's Grade

Dear Nikki:

This is to let you know that Seung Cho's grade for the semester should be an "A." He's just sent me the first 50 pages of his novel, and we've worked hard on poetry earlier in the semester. He also met with Fred.

I hope this sounds okay. If you could enter the grade along with those for the other students, that would be great. Let me know if there are any problems.

Lucinda

Lucinda Roy, Alumni Distinguished Professor

Chair, Department of English

Virginia Tech, Blacksburg, VA 24061

Phone: (540) 231-8466